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By Major Alexander P. de Seversky

WHO ARE THESE JAPANESE?

By William Henry Chamberlin

FEBRUARY 1942

The American Mercury



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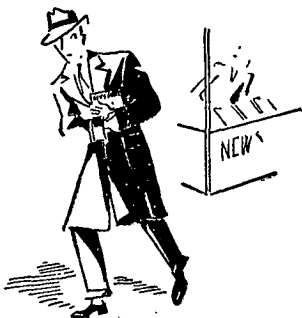
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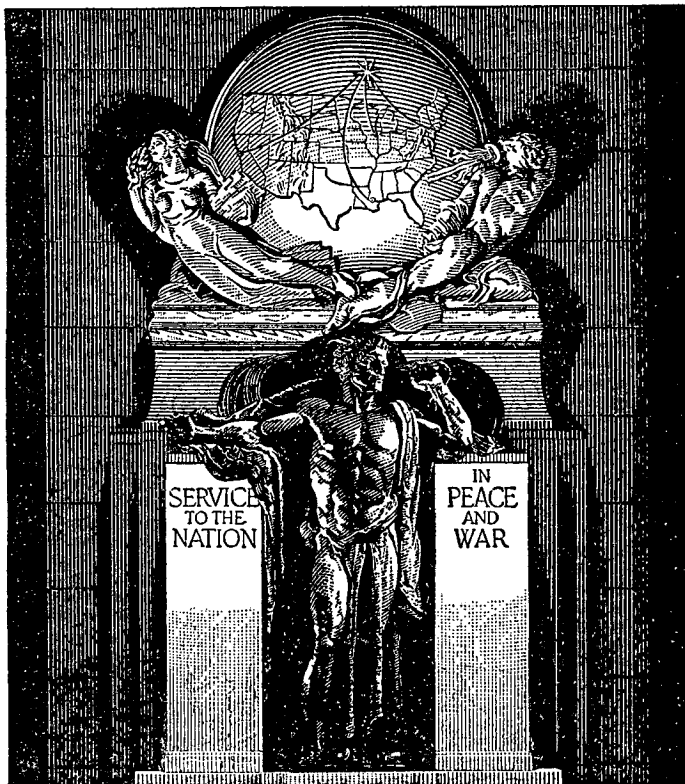
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THE CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN worked in Japan for four years as correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* and is the author of *Japan Over Asia*. His latest book, *The World's Iron Age*, has been well received throughout the country.

MAX EASTMAN is one of the most versatile of American literary men, having written brilliantly on poetry, politics, sociology, philosophy. His essay on Isadora Duncan will form a chapter in his forthcoming book, *Heroes I Have Known*.

WARNER GRAHAM has been writing for nearly five years and "The Yellow Ribbon" is his first published story. A Louisville boy, he fought in the first World War, studied art in Chicago, did the hula with a troupe of traveling Hawaiians, went into the lumber business, worked in Washington for the government, and is now in Florida, writing.

MEIGS M. GREEN is a distant cousin of the amazing railroad builder, Henry Meiggs.

S. K. PADOVER is assistant to Secretary of Interior Ickes. His contribution will form part of a biography of Jefferson to be published this spring.

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY is one of this country's foremost designers, builders and pilots of warplanes. He holds the Harmon Trophy for distinguished service to American aviation and has chalked up many long-distance nonstop flight records. His analyses of war events as commentator for the United Press have been remarkable for the accuracy of their forecasts. Major Seversky is completing a book, to be published soon by Simon & Schuster, which will have the same title carried by his article in this issue — *Victory Through Air Power!*

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The American MERCURY

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER!

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

AMERICAN losses in the first weeks of the Pacific Ocean war, tragic as they were, may yet prove a blessing in disguise in the broader pattern of events. As the lessons of those weeks are assimilated, they may add up to a providential warning against complacent reliance on old-fashioned formulas of Sea Power — a warning to bring not only our equipment but *our thinking* into line with the new aviation epoch.

Public opinion in our country, as reflected in press and radio comment, already shows a keen awareness of those lessons. No matter how many surface ships and troops were involved in the actions, the dominance of the aerial factor was too clear to be missed. The disaster at Pearl Harbor amounted to an

aerial defeat, underscoring naval impotence. Enemy landings on the Philippine Islands were made under cover of strong air forces and such toll as we took of Japanese transports must be credited primarily to our aviation on the islands. The most conspicuous American item on the credit side, the sinking of the battleship *Haruna*, was obtained by our airplanes. The destruction of two of the most modern British dreadnaughts, the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* — ships built especially to withstand assault from the skies — was likewise accomplished by airplanes. The clearest demonstration of the effect of aviation planning was provided by the remarkable performance of the Netherlands East Indies Air Force against the Japanese; in recent

months the Dutch Indies were conspicuous and intelligent buyers of the American planes most suitable for their tactical purposes.

America has been as shocked by the easy victory of Japanese Air Power over proud first-line ships of the American and the British Navies as France was by the way Hitler ignored its Maginot Line. The parallel is a true one. In both cases surface obstacles, two-dimensional defenses, proved useless against a third-dimensional menace from overhead. The Maginot Line is a fixed fortification, battleships are mobile fortifications — but both of them are earthbound and impotent against the soaring threat of modern Air Power. Whether such barriers survive depends not at all on their own strength. It depends on whether a nation can protect them with Air Power superior to the enemy's.

Fortunately, the shock of our disasters comes at the very start of our war, and not, as in France, at the end of their war. Our geographical position, and the fact that Japan, too, has not yet exploited the full possibilities of aviation, gives us the time to revise our strategy and to forge the new weapons to match it. Provided we start now, we shall be starting from scratch in the race for suprem-

acy so far as the genuine long-range, hard-hitting, specialized aviation of tomorrow is concerned.

And in that race all the advantages are overwhelmingly on our side! The sudden recognition that Air Power will decide the final outcome of the war is brought to us in the language of defeats on the surface of land and sea. But the bigger message is one of inevitable victory. If this is essentially an aerial war, then we have the upper hand. Americans are the natural masters of aerial weapons, if only they wake up fully to their advantage and use it without stint and without inhibitions. Once we break through the deadly inertias of moldy ideas and military conservatism, we have everything that it takes in materials, inventive skills and the technological aptitudes of our people to give us undisputed leadership in the skies. Every American child is born to the automobile, the radio, the mechanical gadget. More than any other nation we are at home in the machine age.

When we become thoroughly conscious of these facts — mind you, I say *when*, not *if* — we shall take the initiative in the war. We shall no longer wait to be stunned and bewildered by enemy surprises, or try to “catch up” with enemy

innovations. We shall out-think and out-plan them and in our turn spring intellectual and technological surprises on the world. The tide of events is too rapid and too threatening for the kind of "good-tempered evolution" recently recommended in a War Department document. That is precisely the mood of skepticism and timidity which we cannot risk. This is the Air Power age. We are plunged into an all-out technological war. We must settle on a policy of audacity, with men of great vision and imagination at the controls.

II

At the time when General "Billy" Mitchell was making his self-sacrificing fight for true American Air Power, Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, facetiously offered to remain on board any battleship the general proposed to bomb from the air. In the light of the recent sinkings of American, British and Japanese capital ships by aircraft, the remark sounds like one of those horse-and-buggy jibes at the newfangled horseless wagons in the early years of the automobile. But we do not have to go back to General Mitchell's days for samples of deep skepticism about military aviation in high places,

coupled with an abiding faith in the eternal validity of Sea Power.

When the *Haruna*, the *Prince of Wales*, the *Repulse* and the *Arizona* were already at the bottom of the Pacific, an article by the current Secretary of the Navy, Colonel Frank Knox, was still on the news-stands ridiculing those who suggest that "the battleship has been 'out-moded' by the airplane." In an earlier article he had specified that "in nearly two years of war no modern battleship has been sunk by a plane." And in any number of public pronouncements, he has insisted that aviation is no more than an adjunct of Sea Power, like its guns and submarines. This in the face of great battles — such as those in Britain and in Crete — where Air Power on one or both sides operated quite independently, and in the face of the cumulative evidence that mastery of the skies must come *first*, before surface forces can even begin operations.

Even certain naval spokesmen by this time acknowledge what has become apparent to intelligent laymen: that navies can no longer approach hostile shores which are protected by effective aviation. That is why Great Britain, with almost a monopoly of sea strength, has been unable to approach a European continent held by an

adversary entirely lacking in naval power. Aircraft carried by fleets on their own "floating bases" do not alter this picture, because ship-borne aviation is necessarily helpless against the enemy's land-based aviation, and the "bases" themselves are extremely vulnerable. Navies have been disqualified for what used to be one of their primary jobs: to take the offensive initiative against enemy shores. The fact alone that it has devolved upon the Royal Air Force to bomb Hitler's submarine bases, "invasion ports" and other normal naval targets, while the Royal Navy keeps at a respectful distance, indicates the new relationship of weapons.

Nevertheless, in his recent annual report to the President, our Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, continues to classify aviation as a purely defensive weapon! That report, made public in the very midst of a Pacific Ocean war dominated by Air Power, ignores the central fact that aviation has now become the only offensive weapon against hostile shores held by nations possessing adequate Air Power.

According to Mr. Stimson, the "final and most critical function" of Air Power is "that of fighting in co-operation with armies on the surface of the land or navies on the surface of the seas." This puts the

cart before the horse in a most alarming manner, considering the source of the statement, since surface actions are today out of question until the air above is captured from the enemy. The best army or navy air arm, being equipped and trained solely to support surface operations, is useless unless a nation, in addition, has genuine and unified Air Power geared for the indispensable task of conquering and holding the skies above the whole theatre of action.

Civilian officials, of course, cannot be held personally accountable for their technical military opinions. They merely give voice, loyally, to the views of their top-shelf experts. On that level, the subordinate rôle of aviation is an article of faith and there is not much tolerance for heretics. To doubt, for instance, that modern dreadnaughts are "unsinkable" by aircraft has long been a shocking sacrilege. Admirals and generals on the retired list and in active service alike have reacted to the claim that capital ships are vulnerable to air assaults as though it were a personal affront.

Admiral William V. Pratt was speaking for them all when he explained, in a radio program on June 11, 1940, why airplanes could never sink battleships: "A battle-

ship is so heavily armored that when a bomb strikes it, the force of the explosion goes upward, into the air, and very little damage is done." Admiral Clark H. Woodward told a sad and simple truth about the upper naval leadership when he declared in a newspaper piece on October 10, 1940, that "the Navy is unanimous in its belief that the battleship is still supreme at sea." He warned that "exaggerated statements as to the effect of bombing planes upon battleships should be heavily discounted."

The citations could be extended for pages. Anyone who has read or listened to top-rank opponents of a separate Air Force is familiar with the arguments. They amount to an eagerness to "save face" for the Navy and the Army, as though it were a question of social prestige and precedence rather than a question of life and death for our free nation. Instead of learning from the war experience of these crowded years, the tendency in orthodox military circles has been to blur its lessons in order somehow to "justify" Sea Power or land power, as the case might be.

I am not much concerned with the falsity of such judgments. Inexorably, day-to-day events are revealing the truth. Even Ad-

miral Yates Stirling, Jr., has come around to writing that in a proper organization "there would no longer be need for our expert airmen to stand around, hat in hand, to demonstrate the reasonableness of their efforts to an unsympathetic high-ranker." More alarming is the mountain of proof that our high-rankers *are* deeply unsympathetic. There would be hope for men who sensed the importance of Air Power, who believed in it, but made blunders in its use. There is no hope whatsoever for leaders in a modern war who are psychologically hostile to Air Power, who are under an unreasoned compulsion to underrate the "newcomer" and to slap him down. The American people must somehow cut through these psychological obsessions and loyalties to past concepts. Their interest is not to save the Navy or save the Army, but to save the country with the weapons and the methods best suited to the period in which we are living.

Fully two decades ago, I had the privilege of serving as technical consultant to General Mitchell when he demonstrated that a battleship can be sunk from the air by actually sinking one off Newport News. His experiment was light-mindedly dismissed in the highest military quarters on the

ground that the ship was old and derelict. These quarters would not listen to our warning that while battleships would be better armed and armored in the future, the striking power and performance of aircraft, too, would be raised — and, in the nature of the case, at a much faster rate. The result was that General Mitchell's idea of preparing heavy, long-range bombardment aviation against our potential enemies — an idea now universally recognized — was shelved for nearly twenty years.

From that day to this, old-line military spokesmen have found an alibi to match every new proof of the vulnerability of surface forces to overhead assault, and every new demonstration that the familiar functions of Sea Power have been curtailed or wiped out altogether by the advent of Air Power. Outwardly, it has looked as if in their anxiety to preserve textbook military notions they deliberately refused to benefit from experience. But the explanation is not so simple. Such men, more likely, are honestly unable to digest the new experience. Minds thoroughly trained and set in a certain direction automatically reject facts that do not fit into their accustomed mental patterns. In the following section I cite

a few of those facts, almost at random.

III

1. Winston Churchill, himself a naval man, has specifically credited the "miracle of Dunkirk" to "local mastery of the air" over the Channel. Yet naval-minded American commentators have persisted in labeling it a naval victory. Because the actual transport of troops was made on surface craft ranging from rowboats to warships, they fail to understand that had there been no canopy of Air Power the strongest navy could not have accomplished that evacuation.

2. In the Battle of Crete the world witnessed a clear-cut confrontation of overwhelming Sea Power and overwhelming Air Power. Air Power triumphed. Instead of absorbing the lesson of that crucial event, our old-line experts have sought to confuse it with extraneous and unfounded recriminations against the RAF.

3. The British Navy has scored spectacular victories over the Italian Navy, to the point where it enjoys practically a naval monopoly in the Mediterranean. Yet not the most enthusiastic Admiralty men would claim even approximate control of that sea. Except for a few

hit-and-run surprise forays, the fleet has been unable to attack Mediterranean shores covered by Axis land-based aviation. Neither was it able to prevent the transport of sizeable volumes of men and machines into Africa under the protection of Axis Air Power.

4. The Battle of Britain offered a classic example of pure aerial conflict, in which all surface forces on both sides were immobilized and turned into idle onlookers while the issue of control of the skies above the British Isles was being fought out. A numerically superior aerial armada was beaten off by the RAF with superior equipment and personnel. The very factors which stymied the *Luftwaffe* — especially its lack of defensive fire power — will be analyzed by air strategists for guidance in preparing for successful campaigns by air. But our braided oracles have smugly dismissed the battle as proof that Air Power is incapable of scoring a decision across water.

5. The destruction of the *Bismarck*, one of the most modern dreadnaughts, has been similarly set down as a naval victory, because the *coup de grâce* was delivered by torpedoes from a cruiser. The fact is that the Nazi battleship had been tracked down by aircraft and reduced to a helpless

hulk by aircraft. It could have been finished off quite easily from the air, but it was a “naval show” and the mopping-up job was left to the surface forces.

6. Although it does not have any first-line naval strength worth mentioning, Germany has been able to impose a serious blockade on the British Isles. The elementary fact is worth pondering: a navy-less nation threatening to strangle the world’s largest naval power! In that blockade, the *Luftwaffe* has taken an ever larger part in an ever more extended arena; today it accounts for more than half the tonnage sunk and operates more than a thousand miles beyond the outermost German bases. Countermeasures likewise are being concentrated more and more in the air and the whole Battle of the Atlantic shapes up increasingly as a duel for dominance in the skies.

Had the strategic moral of these and a great many other inescapable facts been understood, we should have been better equipped for the crisis in the Pacific. In the naval losses under the pounding of aviation in the Pacific the standard alibis do not avail. There is no room left for wishful thinking. The stale dispute of battleships *versus* airplanes is ended once and for all. It is now obvious to any schoolboy

—indeed to everyone but a naval diehard — that a decision in the air is essential before battleships can even venture into action.

That dispute has always seemed to me beside the point anyhow. Whether battleships are sunk outright or put out of action for six-month periods every half year is largely an academic difference. British and American shipyards have been jammed with warships disabled by aerial bombing. They have survived to be bombed again only because the enemy had failed to equip its aviation with projectiles adequate for the task. The essential consideration is that naval units today practically commit suicide when they enter within the orbit of hostile, land-based aviation, whether alone or under the flimsy shield of carrier-based aircraft.

Their field of operation, in other words, has been restricted to portions of the ocean beyond the radius of enemy Air Power. That radius is being extended with every month and its expansion to cover oceans is inevitable in the near future. Thus the area in which capital ships have freedom of action is being quickly contracted and must in a short time disappear entirely.

The tragic losses in the initial

weeks of the Pacific War have driven home the basic tactical fact that no battleship can any longer go about its business until the skies overhead are cleared of enemy aviation. That much is now too glaringly obvious to be denied. But the old-line experts cannot bring themselves to follow the logic of this fact to its bitter end. Once the air above any arena of warfare is in our hands, of what earthly use are the battleships? What, specifically, can they do that the triumphant aviation cannot usually do more expeditiously? Whether the objective is an enemy vessel, a hostile shore, a coastal fortification, Air Power can attack it more quickly and more economically than any warship. It can not only strike at any surface objective on the seas, as the battleship does, but it can strike at hostile Air Power and at inland objectives, which no battleship can possibly do.

True enough, battleships can fight other battleships far out at sea, outside the orbit of land-based aviation — at least for the time being, until the full potential range of aviation is developed. But having beaten the enemy fleet, what then? The victorious navy is still unable to carry combat to the enemy's territory as long as that

territory is shielded by effective Air Power.

Assuming, for instance, the success of the most optimistic variant of naval strategy in the Pacific — the complete annihilation of the Japanese Navy — we should be no closer to the conquest of Japan, as long as Air Power guards its shores and covers the narrow water communications with the Asiatic mainland.

The essence of the matter is that control of the skies, of the “air ocean” which envelops land and sea alike, will determine the final outcome of the struggle. The nation or combination of nations which dominates the air over our planet will rule the world, just as in the past the powers which controlled the seas ruled the world. No victory on the surface is permanent unless it is guaranteed by Air Power.

IV

Under these circumstances, what is called for is an all-out *aerial strategy*. Not merely aviation as a supplement to old-fashioned surface strategy — but the plans and the equipment, the creative imagination and the audacious leadership, looking toward the elimination of the enemy’s Air Power and the enforcement of full mastery

of the skies. Everything else is secondary and follow-up procedure, simply the exploitation of air ascendancy on the surface.

Those who do not grasp this new reality are disqualified by definition to lead a modern war. No matter how brilliant they may be, they remain brilliant soldiers and sailors, not airmen attuned to the tempo, the space-relations, the grand scale of aerial warfare. A competent infantry general or an admiral is as unfitted to solve purely aerial tactical problems as a competent dentist is to perform a major abdominal operation. It is, therefore, no reflection on the surface strategists of the older services to recognize that they are in a strange, unexplored country when they venture into the sphere of modern aviation.

Real aerial strategy — the only guarantee of victory — calls for minds freed from old military illusions. It calls for men as thoroughly “sold” on Air Power as a good admiral is “sold” on Sea Power — as convinced of its decisive rôle and its potentialities for growth as Air Marshal Göring is convinced of it. Men steeped in the tradition and techniques of mile-by-mile conquest of territory, able and intelligent though they be, live in a different military world

than modern airmen. They talk a different strategic language. They can never quite comprehend what we mean when we reject mile-by-mile tactics and speak in terms of the control of total areas by throwing a solid and impregnable roof of aerial force over them. Only airmen can grasp the idea of combat purely in latitude and longitude, ignoring the contours of the land far below or whether it is a dry or a wet surface. They think in three-dimensional terms in their own sphere as naturally as a general or an admiral thinks in two-dimensional surface relations.

Let us not fool ourselves into believing that an older breed of military mind can be reformed and adjusted to the new aerial facts. The most that can be expected is that these older strategists will learn some lessons, will make concessions to the new weapons, and will try to catch up with the enemy. But that is not enough for victory. *A totally new strategy can never be put into effect successfully by those who created the old one which proved fallacious or inadequate.* Military conceptions are not put on and taken off like different cloaks for different climates. Strategy is the expression of a man's mind, the embodiment of his military philosophy and con-

victions. A new strategy, a new approach to the problem of achieving victory under totally different conditions, implies a new type of mind. Fortunately we have in America scores of brilliant military aviation men, chafing under the present set-up, eager to give all they have to the cause of victory, fully capable of developing a true aerial strategy, and willing to assume responsibility.

The outbreak of the war in the summer of 1939 found us behind the eight-ball in military aviation. Certainly this cannot be blamed on our aeronautical industry or our national genius. The fact that we surpassed the rest of the world in commercial aviation is proof to the contrary; so are the advances in military aviation made in the past two years. Neither can we pass the buck to Congress on the theory that we lacked the funds for developing military aviation. Before the war the British Parliament was just as niggardly in the matter, as reflected in the numerical shortage of British aircraft—but in quality British aircraft led the world, the Germans included.

Even if we possessed only one exemplar of every type of aircraft, it could have been and should have been the world's best. Yet we were caught by the European war

with military aviation lacking armor, short on fire power and speed, and generally deficient in military characteristics. German and British models had been on view for years, so that simple imitation could have given us reasonably effective types. Yet we remained blithely backward. More than that, the aviation men who pleaded and clamored for better equipment and more modern aeronautical ideas were ignored or denounced as "visionaries" and trouble-makers.

The fact must be faced that the causes of our backwardness were in the organizational set-up of our air forces — in their dependence for growth on men and services which at best tolerated aviation as an adjunct to their accustomed lives. Not until the fall of France was there any real awareness of the significance of Air Power in the uppermost military milieu in our country. Even then, the events were seen but not understood. Only two years after the laboratory demonstration of Poland did our Army for the first time stage maneuvers in which co-ordinated action with dive bombers was attempted. Even now, we are building aircraft types which were already obsolete when started, under the impression that "just planes" are enough.

The improvements being made in many directions are considerable, but in almost every instance they are imitative. More important, they do not derive from some conscious over-all strategy for conquering the skies. By and large, they represent a compromise between the old military ideas and the new weapons, when the crying need is for *totally new ideas growing out of the new weapons*. Public opinion, being unspoiled by an old-fashioned military education, is far ahead of the braided oracles. To placate that public pressure, Air Power is given a little more leeway here and there, but the reins of control still remain in the same unsympathetic hands.

A case in point is the announcement some months ago of a reorganization within the Army whereby two aviation bureaus were merged. The change was certainly desirable. But it accomplished exactly nothing in the matter of obtaining genuine unity of command in the air. It still left us with Army aviation and Navy aviation, with two competing services in the same strategic element, with stupid jurisdictional disputes and duplication of equipment.

If New York should be attacked from the air, who will rise to defend it — Naval aviation from

Floyd Bennett Field or Army aviation from Mitchel Field? Who will command the two air forces — each with different equipment, different training, its own psychology — milling in the self-same sky and seeking the self-same objective? And what applies to New York or the Hawaiian Islands, it should be remembered, applies to the entire United States. The War Department reorganization did not cure this absurdity of divided air command. Yet it was publicized to the nation as “unification” and “autonomy.” It was a sad attempt to placate the public without getting anywhere near the vitals of the problem.

V

That was inevitable as long as admirals and generals have the final say-so on Air Power. The men now in charge of our strategy are all able, many of them brilliant, all patriotic and devoted. But they think strictly within the framework of an outmoded system of military concepts. Every one of them has a great contribution to make to the general defense — but that contribution unfortunately is not in the most vital sphere of all: aviation.

Admiral Ernest J. King, in com-

mand of all our naval forces, has been publicized as an airman and he is indeed a fine pilot. But he is a sailor to the marrow of his bones, and a great sailor too. Because he knows more than most naval men about aviation, he may be expected to use such aerial forces as he has to the best advantage in enhancing the tactical efficiency of his battle fleets. But Admiral King is decidedly not an Air Power enthusiast. He has repeatedly gone on record against a separate Air Force.

A memorandum of his on Air Power, before me as I write, is almost an epitome of all the naval “blind spots” on the subject. He insists, for instance, that Air Power has no independent function because there are no military objectives in the air! What about the enemy’s air forces? Are they not crucial objectives in the air? And battleships or engine factories bombed from overhead, without the slightest support from any surface force — are they not proper objectives for Air Power? Aviation does not rate organization autonomy, he reiterates, because of “the inability of air forces alone to seize and hold territory.” Navies, too, cannot seize and hold enemy territory, but must be followed up by land expeditionary forces.

Would the Admiral therefore place the Navy under the command of infantry generals?

Such arguments are typical of a mentality basically hostile to the new weapon, unwilling to concede its emerging dominance. Admiral King's whole attitude is implicit in statements such as these:

Air objectives are so nearly nonexistent that they are admitted to be remote of attainment even by the ultra-enthusiast of Air Power. Since Air Power must rely on land (army) and sea (navy) forces, it follows that the best use of air forces is as components — and integral components — of the land and sea forces. . . . The functions of naval aviation are derived directly from the functions of the Navy. All the capabilities and endeavors of naval aviation are directed towards the promotion of naval efficiency and are designed to enable the Navy better to perform its functions.

While these words reveal Admiral King as a competent sailor who knows how to use airplanes to his advantage, they indicate that he is innocent of all appreciation of true Air Power. He has not yet become aware, it appears, of what most newspaper readers know by this time: that far from aviation being dependent on land and sea forces, those forces are today dependent on aviation. Neither has he realized that, though a navy requires its own aircraft for certain auxiliary tasks, aerial forces can exist and make themselves felt

without a navy — witness the *Luftwaffe* operations in Crete, in the Battle of Britain, or in the Atlantic, hundreds of miles from land bases. The point I wish to make, however, is not that our ranking naval men are mistaken on this or that phase of aviation. The trouble is much deeper. It would be unfair and unreasonable to expect men who cannot conceive of Air Power except as an adjunct to battleships, like artillery, to think boldly and clearly in terms of all-out aerial strategy.

And the same holds true for our ranking Army men. General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, is undoubtedly a great soldier. He enjoys the esteem and affection of the men around him, including those who are sharply aware of his limitations in aviation matters. But functionally, Air Power means little more to him than machine guns or long-range artillery. He naturally and loyally adapts all new weapons for the enhancement of his army. There can be little reason for surprise, therefore, that he sees aviation *only as an adjunct of the army* and is passionately opposed to its emancipation from Army control.

In his crusading attacks against a separate Air Force, General

Marshall has gone so far as to point a warning finger toward France, which went down to defeat despite an independent air force. By that reasoning, of course, he should also recommend the dissolution of our Army, since France was beaten despite an enormous separate army. After all, no one in his senses claims that independent Air Power is a wonder-working device that will automatically solve all problems. We merely insist that it will provide the necessary pre-conditions for solving those problems.

General Marshall has also argued that the German Air Force is not really independent, as popularly supposed, since it takes orders from a High Command through which all the services are co-ordinated. In this he begs the question. Would he insist that the German Army also is not really independent because it takes orders from the High Command? The fact is that the *Luftwaffe* has precisely the same separate status as the German Army or Navy. It is geared to operate alone when necessary or as a co-operating element with the other services.

General Marshall should know, in this aviation age, that the problem of an over-all General Staff or High Command for all American forces — a problem that existed

long before the advent of aircraft — has nothing to do with the issue of separate Air Force. General Marshall, more than anyone else, also should appreciate the difference between tactical co-ordination and that independent, autonomous development and administration to which Hitler's *Luftwaffe* is indebted for its high degree of efficiency and its audacity in aerial planning. In confusing the two things, he betrays a deep inner distrust of Air Power beyond its auxiliary rôle with the surface forces. This War Department attitude is amply manifest in Secretary Stimson's annual report (to which I have already alluded) in which the offensive function of army air forces is completely ignored.

The titular head of our Army Air Forces is General Henry H. Arnold. It needs to be emphasized to begin with that, no matter how much theoretical "autonomy" he may be given, he remains a disciplined subordinate within another military service. In the nature of the case, he cannot possess the final authority or the leverage of prestige which the head of a separate service could exercise. He is condemned to work in the harness of the ground forces, with ultimate decisions on strategy — and hence equipment — in the hands of gen-

erals openly or unconsciously resentful of the aviation "petitioner," to use a word applied by General Arnold himself. It is doubtful whether a fervent advocate of true aerial strategy, convinced of the destiny of Air Power as our country's savior, could have long remained at such heights in the Army bureaucracy. But even a General Mitchell would be hamstrung by the basic set-up. Besides, he would still head only a segment of our air strength, the other segment being subjugated to the Navy.

The fact, nevertheless, is that General Arnold was in charge of Air Corps procurement in the years before World War II started. It may be unfortunate, but he must carry the brunt of responsibility for the dismal backwardness of our equipment at that time. In a previous article in the *AMERICAN MERCURY*¹ I have recounted in some detail how various proposals for raising the performance factors in our aviation were rejected or pigeonholed by the Army Air Corps higher-ups. The tragic error of this short-sightedness has been acknowledged in action if not in words in the past two years: the Air Corps has not only begun to apply the

ideas it formerly brushed aside, but even to claim them as brilliant innovations! The main responsibility in that unpleasant history rests with planning under General Arnold, although we must not forget that he may have been helplessly handicapped by the whole set-up. However that may be, it is a fact that the present head of our Army Air Forces is intimately identified with the backward state of our equipment and the short-sighted military ideas implicit in that equipment.

VI

I have mentioned these three officials not because they are exceptions, but because they are the natural and inevitable products of a military system harking back to the past. It may even be said that their shortcomings from the Air Power angle are the direct results of their virtues as monitors of totally different services. They are not the causes but the consequences of a rigid military tradition in which there is no natural place for Air Power.

Above all, I trust that this will not be construed as an attack on these leaders, since I have the utmost respect for their abilities in their fields and in their time. It is

¹ "The Ordeal of American Air Power," July, 1941.

decidedly not a question of blaming any group of men. It is a question of adjusting our main over-all strategy, with true Air Power as its backbone, under conditions where the development of that Air Power will no longer be hampered or restricted by the ideas of other branches of military science. Men associated with the old strategies cannot, even if they would, suddenly turn their minds inside out because of something that happens at Crete, or over Britain, in Pearl Harbor or the Philippines. The best we can expect from such men is reluctant "catching up" under the pressure of events, when the need is for enthusiastic foresighted modern leadership.

It is an axiom of military science that for a new strategy we must have new men, and an organization within which they can make fullest use of their creative energies. As far as Air Power is concerned, it is not enough for such men to be allowed to "co-operate" under the sullen and unsympathetic eyes of Army and Navy superiors. They must be invested with the authority to function as freely in their own domain as generals and admirals function in their respective spheres. The first indispensable step in that direction is the establishment of a separate Air Department on a basis

of absolute equality with the older services.

Our entire current war strategy is based on certain assumptions which have the prestige of age and past success. Obviously they were valid in their time. But today we owe it to the great enterprise on which we are embarked to review those assumptions in the light of new conditions. We cannot evade reality. Neither can a false strategy be remedied by more of the same thing, by mere intensification. If, for instance, it becomes clear that battleships have lost their former importance, we accomplish less than nothing by doggedly building yet more of them. We must ask ourselves, courageously, whether the mammoth production effort on which we are now engaged — the investment of billions of tons of materials and man-hours of labor — may not conceivably be channeled in false directions.²

The rock-bottom assumption of our past strategy, carried over by inertia into the present, was that the Navy is our "outer defense." Upon it we relied to head off any enemy approaching our territory, to strike directly at hostile shores, to strangle an adversary by means

² A detailed analysis of the rapid restriction of naval functions was made by the author in the June, 1941, AMERICAN MERCURY under the title "The Twilight of Sea Power."

of blockade, to transport expeditionary forces and keep open our lines of communication with those forces. *Not one of those functions can now be carried out by Sea Power.*

Secretary Stimson has just reported that the function of projected long-range Army Air Forces is to "strike at and ward off aggressive hostile Sea Power long before it is able to approach our shores." The War Department, he indicated, is building an air weapon which "can effectively strike at any naval attack from overseas or South America." (Why that should be an Army-aviation rather than a Navy-aviation job is not clear, and it reveals another aspect of the fantastic confusion caused by divided air forces.) Certain it is that the Navy can no longer do that job of interception in enemy waters — unless and until the skies are first swept clear of hostile Air Power.

Talk of a Nazi super-navy invading America, if Hitler should succeed in conquering the British Isles, makes no sense in this day and age. Having vanquished Britain by means of his *Luftwaffe*, in defiance of the British Navy, why would he throw it away and revert to the naval weapon whose inferiority he had thus demonstrated? But even if he undertook such a utopian and

delayed-action program, his super-navy could no more approach our American shores adequately shielded by Air Power than the British fleets can now approach the European coasts. Our "outer defense" is no longer naval, except in an auxiliary sense, but aerial.

And the same thing is true of the offensive function of the Navy, as pointed out in another context. To attack enemy territory guarded by aviation we must today neutralize that aviation. An expeditionary force landed, by surprise or otherwise, on hostile shores would be marked for annihilation unless it came with a permanent and continuous umbrella of Air Power superior to the adversary's. Neither could we keep the network of communication lines open, for the uninterrupted flow of supplies, fuel, food, reinforcements, unless we protected all of it continuously with Air Power.

Blockade, likewise, is no longer a two-dimensional matter. In the aviation age a wall of blockade is meaningless. It must be a three-dimensional dome, or inverted bowl of blockade, under which the victim is gradually suffocated. Not only must the external supply lines be cut off, but Air Power must close off air routes and sever internal supply lines by systematic aerial

bombardment of communications, industrial centers, public utilities and the like within the blockaded area.

Thus all the functions of Sea Power as an "outer defense" have been wholly or in large part taken over by Air Power.

Naval strategy built around battleships is therefore obsolescent. Such marginal usefulness as battleships still retain is due only to the general worldwide failure to utilize the full technical possibilities of aeronautics. Those margins will certainly have been wiped out by the time most of our battleships now in construction are finished. Any new ones authorized at this late stage will be little more than candidates for a museum of war antiques by the time they are commissioned.

These truths are, perhaps, too novel and startling to be readily assimilated. But they cannot be much longer ignored. We must have the intellectual courage *to call a halt to construction on capital ships which are still a year or more from completion.* The economic wealth, the materials and the labor involved must be diverted to the new weapon—to the long-range dreadnaughts and destroyers and convoy fighters and transports of the "air ocean."

A battleship venturing within range of enemy aviation operating from primary bases can hope to survive only if it is escorted by aviation equal to or superior to the total aviation on those bases. It is thus very much like a machine gun being conducted to its task by an escort of Big Berthas. Once we have at our disposal Air Power sufficient to protect a fleet in hostile waters, there is no warrant in common sense for wasting that force to shield battleships when it can be hurled at the enemy directly. Must we really, out of sheer habit and from fear of breaking with the past, continue to build more hundred-million-dollar targets for enemy aviation to destroy? Must we persevere in the complex absurdity of building airplanes to protect navies against airplanes, in order that those navies can do work which those airplanes can do far more quickly, more economically, and without dependence on the support of another service?

When the Nazis began to sink huge amounts of British shipping in the Atlantic—more than half of it from the air—many of our experts sought ways and means of building more ships. Their idea seemed to be to build ships faster than the Germans could sink them. Since then we have realized that it

is better to eliminate the marauders than to provide more prey than they can kill off. When the Japanese began sinking battleships in the Pacific, our naval-minded experts reacted by demanding more battleships for the Japanese to sink. But it is about time that we dropped the notion — so costly in lives and materials — of seeking to defeat our enemy by “the sheer weight of equipment,” to quote an official phrase. We should begin to do it by the weight of our brain power, translated into new and more effective weapons. For the price of one battleship to be delivered many years hence, we can build perhaps a hundred superbombers to strike directly at the source of the danger, and deliverable in a continuous stream of production at a relatively early time.

But, as I have tried to make clear from the outset, *it is not simply a problem of substituting one weapon for another*. That will avail us nothing if our thinking remains stuck in the mud of past assumptions, if our leadership remains old-fashioned, traditional and “sour” on the annoying new realities of warfare. What I am urging is not minor changes in our military system, but bold surgery.

There can be no doubt that the native common sense of the Ameri-

can people will assert itself in time to switch our major strategy onto the wings of modern warfare. The fact that this war is resolving at every point into a struggle for dominance in the air is a virtual guarantee that we shall win it.

This does not mean that we must cast aside older weapons. America is rich enough, the stakes are high enough, to justify duplication of weapons in the transition period and we shall always need the surface forces for their appropriate tasks. It does mean that we must shift the emphasis of our thinking and planning and national investment from the declining and obsolescent to the new emerging weapons. It does mean that we have not a moment to lose in unifying our effort in the air by planning and building a separate Air Force which utilizes the last ounce of the potentialities of twentieth-century three-dimensional warfare.

Our Navy having lost its offensive strategic functions, we have no choice but to revise our whole war strategy accordingly. We must assume a purely defensive position on the seas, with our land forces in fighting trim and on the alert, while we mass in the air for the offensive. The major portion of our nation's wealth and resources and energies must go toward the crea-

tion of a long-range Air Force which will give us true Air Power, guaranteeing freedom of the skies over the whole theatre of operations, which today means the whole globe. That Air Force must be able to operate anywhere directly from our primary self-contained base, continental United States. Once freedom of the skies is

achieved, freedom of the seas and freedom of action on land will be attainable at will.

When the American genius for aeronautics is unshackled, we shall be able to take the initiative. The intelligence of our democracy will recognize and implement the fact that America has within its grasp,—
VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER!



Generalissimo

► *An American who lived among them
many years answers the question —*

WHO ARE THESE JAPANESE?

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

WHO are these Japanese? There are some 72,000,000 of them. They are one of the most racially homogeneous people in the world, with the least admixture of foreign blood. They worship their Emperor and are taught that they are of divine origin themselves. Unlike any other Oriental people they all go to school. Their teeth are usually bad, because of the absence of hard foods requiring mastication in their diet. Yet physically they are a tough race and they possess enough knowledge of medicine and enough capacity for organizing public health measures to eliminate or reduce to a minimum the typical Oriental epidemic diseases. Their peasants, men and women alike, can carry almost incredibly heavy weights on their backs. It is seldom that one finds a Japanese in any walk of life, general or admiral, engineer or traveling salesman, bank clerk or farmer, who is not immensely industrious.

The Japanese are as peaceful at home as they are violent abroad. I lived in Japan four years without

ever seeing a street fight or brawl. There are no cuss words in the Japanese language. Even the humblest Japanese usually observe among themselves the national code of formal politeness, emphasized by numerous bows and honorifics. There are few more tranquil sights than a Japanese village with its old shrine set amid a grove of cool cryptomeria trees and the peasants working in rice fields, wearing straw coats to protect them against the light, drizzling rain characteristic of the Japanese climate. Yet these same peasants, who in their own homes would receive a foreigner with old-fashioned courtesy and hospitality, have spread slaughter and devastation over a great part of Asia, once they were put in soldiers' uniforms and taught how to use modern weapons.

Few Americans have understood the Japanese. A few artists and many dilettantes have appreciated or sentimentalized over the many colorful and aesthetic aspects of life in the Island Empire, which is a

land of singular natural beauty, with sea and mountains rarely out of sight. The average American, so far as he thought about Japan at all, felt a kind of amused contempt, sometimes not unmixed with dislike, for these funny little brown men, with their curious social habits and their comical mistakes when speaking English. And now these Japanese, too little studied and too much despised, have inflicted on us the worst naval disaster in our history and have made us all hopping mad. What do the facts about Japan's people add up to? What kind of enemies must we reckon with in the Pacific?

Seventy-two million Japanese, like 132,000,000 Americans, are not all alike. But the Japanese are cast in a stronger collectivist mold than are Americans, or any other Western people. This is because of their long, self-imposed seclusion from the outside world, because of their racial homogeneity, because their lives, down to the minutest details, are regulated by a network of binding custom and tradition which can scarcely be imagined if one has not lived among them.

Not even the subjects of the totalitarian dictators have been so effectively conditioned as to how they shall act and think, and also as to the forms of expression which

their acting and thinking shall assume. As soon as he receives his notice, the Japanese recruit knows when and where he must report, what articles he must take with him. This, of course, is characteristic of countries with an established system of military conscription. But what is peculiar to Japan is the unwritten obligation for the neighbors to call on the parents of the recruit with little gifts and congratulations on the honor that has befallen their household in sending a son to serve His Majesty, the Emperor. The parents may be sick at heart, but they must respond to the greetings with appropriate words of gratitude and stock professions of unworthiness.

Should a young man refuse or evade service, his parents would very probably commit suicide from the sense of social disgrace. So it is not surprising that Japan has no conscientious objector problem. We are familiar with the totalitarian technique of terrorizing individuals by threatening their relatives with arrest and maltreatment. The Japanese method is more subtle and at least equally effective. While Japan is a super-policed country and a suspicion of cherishing "dangerous thoughts" invites investigation, wearisome interrogation and sometimes arrest, the

Japanese authoritarian system functions more smoothly, with less resistance and with less necessity for the cruder forms of terrorism, than the Russian or the German. It was not without reason that Toshio Shiratori, the most outspoken fascist sympathizer in the Japanese diplomatic service, once said: "We are not imitating Hitler and Mussolini. They are imitating us. They have just discovered what we knew for centuries: that a corporate, collectivist system pays."

It is an old saying among foreigners in Tokyo that to a Japanese there are just two views about any international dispute, the Japanese view and the wrong view. The whole American apparatus of hot public discussion would be unthinkable and incomprehensible in Japan. The slogan, "My country, right or wrong," would be alien to a Japanese — he simply could not conceive that his country could be wrong. There are no Gallup polls in Japan.

I once asked a Japanese student whether he and his friends in the university which he was attending ever discussed the war with China. His reply was both disarming and revealing in its simplicity: "We don't discuss the war very much. We know Japan is right. We know Japan will win." This student,

incidentally, was above the average in intelligence and was the son of one of Japan's few emancipated women, a liberal and a feminist.

It is worth noting that Japan has practically no political émigrés. In almost every large city in the world there is a colony of Russians who are permanent exiles from their native country, who hope for the overthrow, or at least for the modification of, the Soviet régime. There are many Germans and not a few Italians abroad who would cheer lustily if the régimes of their native lands collapsed. But I can think of no Japanese subject of any consequence who ever left Japan as a political refugee or who is working for the overthrow of the existing régime. Here is a rather formidable testimonial to the depth and strength of Japanese national solidarity.

II

The Japanese are often naïve to the point of stupidity in estimating the effects of their actions on the psychology of other peoples. Once, when a Japanese acquaintance in Tokyo was harping on the familiar theme of America's supposed "lack of comprehension of Japan's true intentions in China," I suggested that bombarding, burning and

sacking Chinese cities was not a promising means of winning friends and influencing people favorably in the United States. His reaction was a glance of puzzled bewilderment. Obviously, the idea that Japan itself might have contributed to anti-Japanese feeling was so new as to be positively confusing. This feeling, to the Japanese mind, could only be the result of some hostile alien force, such as Chinese, British or Soviet propaganda.

Soon after I arrived in Tokyo, before the beginning of the war in China, I became acquainted with a professor in one of the leading Japanese universities. In our first talk, the professor developed his ideas about Japan's national destiny. First Japan was to take over North China, then Outer Mongolia, finally Eastern Siberia. After setting forth this expansive program he added, with a bland smile: "Some people say I am an imperialist. But I think I am only a sane liberal."

Such experiences might suggest that the Japanese are a stupid people. Certainly they are not at home in discussing Western abstract ideas and they have a conspicuous blind spot in judging the psychology of other peoples. (This is accompanied by a highly developed capacity for practical espionage.) But a stupid people could not have escaped the

colonial or semi-colonial status which Europe imposed on almost all of Africa and on the greater part of Asia. A stupid people could not have achieved Japan's amazing industrial transformation and modernization.

At the time when Commodore Perry knocked at Japan's door with his "black ships," there was not a Japanese warship of any consequence. Japanese, under the old policy of national seclusion, were forbidden on pain of death to build boats large enough to leave the islands. Within two generations, Japan had built up the third strongest navy and the third largest merchant marine in the world. There was a grim response to Perry's unopposed visit at Pearl Harbor. And this is only one aspect of a remarkable change-over of a primitive Oriental agrarian society into the strongest industrial state of Asia.

American confidence about the outcome of war with Japan has been fed by the publication of statistics showing how far America is ahead of Japan in productive plant and natural resources. This is important, of course, in calculating the chances of a prolonged conflict. But it is equally important, in judging the Pacific operations of the present and the near future, to

bear in mind that Japan has greater industrial and munitions facilities than China and all the colonial lands of southeastern Asia (the Philippines, Malaya, the Netherlands Indies) put together.

One of the most puzzling aspects of Japan to the Western mind is the position of the Emperor. It is hard to grasp the paradox that the Emperor is too divine to rule. Yet this, I think, would summarize the situation pretty accurately. The Japanese liberal, Professor Minobe, got into endless trouble, including several attempts at assassination by nationalist fanatics, by referring to the Emperor as an "organ of state." And yet this is really what he is.

Emperor Hirohito is not a secular autocrat like Peter the Great or Frederick the Great, Stalin or Hitler. Bound by a most rigid ritual of court etiquette, he registers decisions in the making of which he had little influence. The Yale students who marched through the streets shouting "To hell with Hirohito" were voicing an understandable sentiment. But Hirohito, whose health is delicate, whose hobby is biology and whose instincts are for peace rather than for war, probably had no more to do with the actual planning of the attack on Pearl Harbor than the students themselves.

The term Emperor-worship easily lends itself to misunderstanding in America. I never knew a Japanese who conveyed the impression of feeling for the Emperor the kind of fervent emotional devotion that a Christian would feel for the Supreme Deity. Emperor-worship, as practiced in Japan, is not a religious cult, as we understand the term, but rather a mood of super-patriotism, of a salute to the flag with an added element of religious awe and sanction. It is an institution, and a useful one, as the shrewd statesmen of the Meiji era realized when they eliminated the former Shogun, an all-powerful viceroy who wielded power in the name of an obscure and impoverished Emperor, and substituted as the highest figure in the state a supposedly divine Emperor. The institution is a bond of national unity. It is a fairly effective means of inoculating the masses against the idea of violent revolution. It does not prevent factional cliques in the army, in the navy, in the bureaucracy. But it keeps these cliques within bounds and it prevents any individual from exalting himself unduly, because every military leader must ascribe the merit of his personal achievements to the supreme virtue of the Imperial Son of Heaven.

Real power in Japan has never rested either with the Emperor or with the people, but always with a group of high military, naval and civilian officials. The balance of power in this group has steadily tilted in the direction of the fighting services; there were seven generals and admirals among the thirteen members of one of the latest Japanese Cabinets. But there is no single master mind, no behind-the-scenes dictator in the ranks of the army or the navy.

The Japanese are the world's most instinctive collectivists. They are at their worst and weakest as individuals, at their effective best in an anthill group, working with smooth co-ordination. So, even if all the records bearing on Japan's policy during the last aggressive decade were thrown open for investigation, I do not believe that any individual could be identified as primarily responsible for the drive for empire that has brought the country to the present crisis of its fate. There would always be the coterie of generals and admirals, many of them braintrusted by colonels and commanders, sometimes at cross-purposes with each other, but always moving toward the same goal of expansion and pulling the people — docile, disciplined, stoical — after them.

A Japanese peculiarity that ranks with Emperor-worship in significance is the so-called family system, which has interesting reflections both in industry and in the armed forces. Very few Japanese conceive themselves outside the framework of the family, with its authority and obligations for the stronger and more successful and its dependence and limited protection for the poorer and weaker. The higher a Japanese may rise in the economic and social scale the more uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, first, second and third cousins turn up to claim his patronage. The Japanese millionaire is less generous in donating to public causes than his American counterpart, but he carries, in one way or another, a much larger burden of relatives. A Japanese will seldom take an important personal decision without referring the matter to a family council. The overwhelming majority of Japanese marriages are arranged by the parents, with little if any element of personal selection by the bride or groom.

The paternalistic attitude that permeates Japanese social life is carried over into industry. Trade unions in Japan are few and weak, wages are low by Western, but not by Oriental, standards. The larger and richer corporations carry on a

good deal of the Japanese equivalent for welfare work among their employes. They keep the peasant girls who furnish much of the labor under strict supervision, but play up to one of the strongest Japanese instincts, that for gentility, by giving them courses in the decorative social arts of flower arrangement and tea ceremony.

This same paternalism prevails between officers and men in the army. An American officer who had been permitted to serve with a Japanese regiment as an observer once explained to me:

The Japanese recruit is told that the company commander is his father and the top sergeant his mother, that he must obey them in everything and they will look after him. Imagine giving that line to a company of our Marines. But it gets over here, especially with the peasant soldiers whom the officers like more than the city boys because they don't ask any questions and can stand pretty nearly any endurance test. I never saw such effortless discipline; no soldier ever seems to turn up drunk and disorderly. A good deal of the captain's time is taken up with answering letters from the fathers of the soldiers, asking his advice about everything from picking out a wife for the oldest son to what to do about the mortgage on the farm.

A cult of utterly fanatical courage, approaching self-immolation, is characteristic of the Japanese officers' corps. Every army, of course, has its standards of courage

and devotion. But in the Japanese armed forces there is a cultivation of the code of the medieval *samurai*, or knights, who were always supposed to give their lives for their feudal lords and whose adventures, which usually end tragically, are the favorite stuff of classical Japanese drama. To be taken prisoner is not considered a disgrace in any Western army, provided that every means of available defense has been exhausted. But a Japanese officer must never surrender. Should he fall into the hands of the enemy alive he must commit suicide — literally *hara-kiri*, or stomach-cutting — at the first convenient opportunity.

At a time when Japanese and American officers were still on speaking and drinking terms, an argument began at a mixed military party as to whether Germany had been justified in laying down arms in 1918. The Americans suggested that if Germany had not surrendered, it could not have conserved the trained officers who made possible its re-emergence as a military power. But the Japanese contention was that if Germany had possessed the "no surrender" spirit, it would never have been defeated. When a foreign military observer asked, on another occasion, why Japanese maneuvers

never included retreating operations, a Japanese officer replied: "Because the Imperial Army would never retreat."

III

How are the Japanese taking the present war? Of course we have no direct foreign testimony; foreign correspondents are interned as soon as the first shots are fired. But I have a fairly good idea of how the Japanese of my acquaintance in Tokyo would be feeling. For the extremists, for the young officers with little or no foreign experience, for the sinister-looking figures, half fanatics, half gangsters, who hang about the headquarters of the Black Dragon Society and similar organizations, the blow at Pearl Harbor, the sinking of the British battleships, the invasion of Malaya and the Philippines must have conveyed a sense of tremendous exhilaration.

The Japanese look on the Chinese as Germans regard Poles, let us say, as a people who could not stand up to them in war, whom it is no honor to defeat. The early victories in China, the capture of Peking and Tientsin, Shanghai and Nanking, Canton and Hankow, evoked no special enthusiasm in Japan; these successes were taken

for granted. The subsequent prolonged Chinese resistance created a sense of mystified irritation. With their persistent blind spot for the feelings of other peoples, the Japanese could not understand the passionate will to fight which their invasion had evoked.

The Government's propaganda "out" in this case was that Japan was not fighting the deluded Chinese but strong foreign powers in China — Russia, Great Britain, the United States. Now, so Japan's extremists feel, the day of reckoning for the Western plutocracies in the East has come. Now Japan is gaining revenge for all the discriminations against its emigrants and its goods, for all the assumptions of arrogant white superiority. The strength of race consciousness and race passion among the Japanese is not to be underestimated.

But it is only a minority of Japanese, I suspect, who greeted the news of war with enthusiasm. Another minority would have heard the announcements over the radio with gloom, even with panic. Veteran retired diplomats who know London and Washington, elderly businessmen who cherish Harvard and Yale degrees among their screens and prints and ceremonial kimonos and family treas-

ures, the few genuinely liberal professors and publicists who have eluded the vigilance of the police — these would be whispering among themselves: Haven't we taken on too much this time? Is Hitler so sure to win the war as our young officers think? If he does win, will it really be good for us? Have we enough oil and copper and nickel and other stocked-up materials to see us through a long war? Such questions, one may be certain, are being asked in the subdued tone of voice preferred by dissidents under all dictatorships. They will not be asked out loud until there have been some stunning reverses.

As for the great majority of the Japanese, I suspect they face the war in a mood of stoical fatalism. Most of them have little idea of what forces are arrayed against them. Anyway, however bleak may be the prospect for which their Government has let them in, there is nothing the individual Japanese could do about it.

Moreover, the Japanese man in the street would not see the background of the war as the average American sees it. After the Japanese entered Southern Indo-China last July, the United States took the lead in applying drastic economic sanctions which amounted, in view

of Japan's isolation from European markets by the war, to a pretty complete blockading of the Island Empire's foreign trade, except with the occupied parts of East Asia. On November 26, Secretary Hull told the Japanese that these sanctions would be lifted only if Japan would withdraw its forces from Indo-China and from China. Most Americans regarded this policy as the belated application of retribution to a persistent aggressor. Most Japanese considered it an intolerable interference with the realization of their country's manifest destiny to dominate, or as they would put it, to lead East Asia.

We have suffered from many reckless snap judgments on Japan. The people who knew the Island Empire best, diplomatic and military and naval observers with a background of residence in Japan and knowledge of the language, have necessarily been silent because of service regulations. We have been told with the most dogmatic assurance that Japan could not and would not fight, that a little tough straight talk and the elimination of pernicious "appeasers" in the State Department would clear up the Orient without firing a shot.

The same confident prophets assured us that if the Japanese were so misguided as to fight they would

be blasted off the face of the earth in short order, with Russian bombers from Vladivostok, British and American naval forces and the legions of Chiang Kai-shek all in at the kill. Such awkward questions as Russia's willingness to fight, the real striking power of the United States and Great Britain in Far Eastern waters and the technical ability of the Chinese to pass from a stubborn defensive to an offensive were ignored or brushed aside.

Now it seems clear that we are in for a long, hard struggle in the Pacific. The Japanese are not supermen, nor is Japan the "Land of Gods," as romantic Nipponese nationalists like to call it. But the Japanese are also far from being the

futile cretins of some lightweight American comment. They are a numerous people, bound together by a tight sense of national and racial solidarity. They are not brilliant or versatile intellectually; in many ways they can be stupidly naïve. But they are superior to any other Orientals in organizing ability, in military and naval power, in industrial productive possibilities. They are hardworking, tough, tenacious. Nothing in their historical record, I think, suggests that they would throw up the sponge at the crash of the first bombs over their cities, or that they will surrender until very nearly every available weapon has been shot out of their hands.

AIRPORT AT NIGHT

NOTHING but sound — the dark air curried
by these combs of steel sound . . .

And we walk on the platform to where a tower of flaring light
flashes and strokes up through the elastic dark.

We look out over half-light to the amazing palm of ground, open
for the dim cross-shaped forms leaving and arriving.

One arrives while we watch: we hear a bubble choking and see high light;
the floodlights jut a stream of flat brightness
on the runway. And as easily as a feather, the spotted shadow
curves down and touches, its pour of sound cut off.

A pocket of blackness has opened; the earth reaches up to this form
and welcomes it back to its solid side.

— DANIEL SMYTHE

JEFFERSON'S PROSE POEM: THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

By S. K. PADOVER

"Jefferson's Declaration of Independence . . . is not a thesis for philosophers, but a whip for tyrants."—WOODROW WILSON, April 13, 1911.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, probably the most inspiring public statement ever penned on American soil, did not leap into being suddenly, as some imagine, nor did it meet with instant approval. On the contrary, its writing and final acceptance represented enormous labors of composition and persuasion. It was the brain child of one of America's great writers, who chose and chiseled his words with the conscious deliberateness of a Shakespeare. Into it the thirty-three-year-old Thomas Jefferson poured all the fire that was in him, his passionate faith in the goodness of man, his enthusiasm for science and progress, his indestructible love of justice and tolerance, his relentless hatred of cruelty and injustice.

For seventeen days the tall, lean, red-headed Virginian struggled over the Declaration, and when he got through he had a document of

such beauty that it has haunted mankind ever since. Although a state paper, it should really be read *as poetry*. When it is broken into free verse, the result is eloquent.

The background of the Declaration is known to every schoolboy. On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, Jefferson's fellow deputy from Virginia, rose in Congress and made the startling proposal that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States." This meant that the Colonies were ready to take the revolutionary step of separating from England. Congress appointed a committee of five, to draw up a declaration explaining the "causes which impelled us to this mighty resolution." The committee (John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston and Thomas Jefferson) met and agreed that Jefferson, the youngest among them and reputed to wield a facile

pen, should do the actual writing.

When he went to his parlor on the second floor of the bricklayer's house on Market Street in Philadelphia to write a draft, he did not feel that he was doing anything extraordinary nor did he suspect that he was toying with immortality. In his Autobiography he says laconically: "The committee for drawing the Declaration of Independence, desired me to do it. It was accordingly done." The inspiration behind his quill was not personal. He felt himself writing words that were, or should have been, common property. Only the composition was his; the sentiments belonged to mankind. He always insisted that the Declaration of Independence merely gave voice to what his compatriots felt. He was merely the instrument, not the creator. Half a century after writing the Declaration he said: "Neither aiming at originality of principle or sentiment, nor yet copied from any particular and previous writing, it was intended to be an expression of the American mind."

But the words had wings and the phrases a haunting beauty.

When in the Course of human events
it becomes necessary for one people
to dissolve the political bonds
which have connected them with
another,
and to assume

among the powers of the earth,
the separate and equal station
to which the Laws of Nature
and of Nature's God
entitle them,
a decent respect to the opinions of
mankind requires
that they should declare the causes
which impel them to the Separation.

Thus far Jefferson was on familiar ground. Those who knew their Locke and their Milton — and what gentleman did not? — would not quarrel with the principle of voluntary dissolution of political bonds. Few lawyers in America at this time disbelieved in the theory of the social compact. It was the dominant doctrine of the middle class. Moreover, it was the experience of Americans on this new continent.

Jefferson's second sentence was dynamite.

We hold these truths
to be self-evident,
that all men are created equal,
that they are endowed by their Creator
with inherent and inalienable Rights,
that among these
are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of
Happiness.

Congress later struck out "inherent and," substituting "certain." The last three words are a declaration of faith, Jefferson's undying contribution to American life. The assertion that the "pursuit of happiness" was one of the objects for which governments ex-

It, was something entirely new in the history of political doctrine. Ordinarily the trinity of political values included life, liberty and property. By substituting the "pursuit of happiness" for "property," Jefferson broke with the traditional concept and laid the foundation for a unique commonwealth of justice and freedom and security which make for happiness).

II

Having affirmed a man's right to happiness, Jefferson then asserted the hardly less revolutionary doctrine of the right to self-government and to revolution.

That to secure these rights,
Governments are instituted among
Men,
deriving their just powers
from the consent of the governed;
that whenever any Form of Government
becomes destructive of these ends,
it is the right of the People
to alter or to abolish it,
and to institute
new Government,
laying its foundation on such principles,
and organizing its powers in such form,
as to them shall seem most likely to
effect
their Safety and Happiness.

From these general principles Jefferson leaped to specific charges. With the cleverness of a subtle manipulator of public opinion, he

personalized the enemy and exposed him to devastating attack. Instead of accusing the British nation, Jefferson singled out George III as the *diabolus ex machina* and delivered him short, relentless jabs:

He has refused —
He has forbidden —
He has called together —
He has dissolved —
He has endeavored —
He has made —
He has erected —
He has kept —
He has affected —
He has combined —
He has plundered —
He has constrained —
He has incited —.

Then, without transition, Jefferson aimed a blow at the hapless George III that came close to being below the belt. The owner of more than two hundred slaves suddenly put the onus of slavery and the responsibility for its horrors upon the shoulders of the King of England.

He has waged cruel war
against human nature itself,
violating its most sacred rights
of life and liberty
in the persons of a distant people who
never offended him,
captivating and carrying them into
slavery in another hemisphere,
or to incur miserable death in their
transportation thither.
This piratical warfare,
the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers,
is the warfare
of the CHRISTIAN king of Great
Britain.
Determined to keep open a market

where MEN should be bought
and sold,
he has prostituted his negative
for suppressing every legislative attempt
to prohibit or to restrain
this execrable commerce.
And that this assemblage of horrors
might want no fact of distinguished
die,
he is now exciting those very people
to rise in arms among us,
and to purchase
that liberty of which he has deprived
them,
by murdering the people
on whom he also obtruded them:
thus paying off former crimes
committed against the LIBERTIES
of one people,
with crimes
which he urges them to commit
against the LIVES of another.

Congress, however, struck out
the whole passage, probably wisely,
for it was not altogether fair to put
the blame of slavery upon one man,
be he king or planter. In any case,
the Congress did not wish to alien-
ate South Carolina and Georgia,
which were in favor of continuing
the importation of slaves. After
heaping hot coals upon the head of
George III, Jefferson wrote elo-
quent words about the English
people, words that did not taste
sweet.

They too have been deaf
to the voice of justice,
and consanguinity,
and when occasions have been given
them,
by the regular course of their laws,
of removing from their councils

the disturbers of our harmony,
they have,
by their free election,
re-established them in power.
At this very time too,
they are permitting their chief ma-
istrate
to send over
not only soldiers of our common blood
but Scotch and foreign mercenaries
to invade and destroy us.
These facts
have given the last stab
to agonizing affection,
and manly spirits bid us
to renounce forever
these unfeeling brethren.
We must endeavor
to forget our former love for them,
and hold them
as we hold the rest of mankind,
enemies in war,
in peace friends.
We might have been a free and a great
people together;
but a communication of grandeur and
of freedom,
it seems,
is below their dignity.
Be it so,
since they will have it.
The road to happiness and to glory
is open to us too.
We will tread it
apart from them,
and acquiesce in the necessity
which denounces our eternal separation.

Most of this passage was like-
struck out by Congress. The word
sounded too bitter to people who
up till yesterday still considered
themselves Englishmen and had
"lingering affection" for the mother
country. Moreover, the reference
to "Scotch and foreign mercen-
aries" was too invidious in a court

ry where almost 90 per cent of the population was Anglo-Scotch. And he concluded:

We therefore,
the representatives of the United States
of America
in General Congress assembled,
do in the name, and by the authority
of

the good people of these [States
reject and renounce
all allegiance and subjection
to the kings of Great Britain
and all others
who may hereafter claim by, through,
or under them;
we utterly dissolve
all political connection
which may heretofore have subsisted
between us
and the people or parliament
of Great Britain:
and finally we do assert and declare
these Colonies to be free
and independent States,]
and that

as free and independent States,
they have full power
to levy war,
conclude peace,
contract alliances,
establish commerce,
and do all other acts
and things
which independent States may of
right do,
And for the support
of this declaration,
we mutually pledge to each other
our lives,
our fortunes,
and our sacred honor.

The words enclosed in brackets were cut out by Congress and others substituted. The reader should compare this section with any offi-

cially recognized copy of the Declaration.

An interesting sidelight on Jefferson may be gained from the following entries in his notebook during the time he was sculpturing the words of the Declaration of Independence:

June 11	Paid £1.18.2	for window shutter rings
June 18	Paid 7/6	for a nest of trunks
June 19	Paid 6/	for wine
June 20	Paid 5/	for lining a map
June 22	Paid 22/	for pair spiers
June 23	Paid £3.10	Paid Graaf 2 weeks lodging
June 25	Paid 15/	for 2 pair of stockings for Bob
		1/ for a straw hat
June 28	Paid 39/9	for washing in full.

III

When Jefferson finished the draft he presented it separately to Franklin and Adams, the two men whose judgment he most respected. They made a few slight corrections. "Their alterations," Jefferson says, "were two or three only, and merely verbal." Then Jefferson meticulously rewrote the whole draft, including the Franklin-Adams insertions, and presented it to the whole committee. The latter unanimously approved, and on June 29 "A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress As-

sembled" was thrown into the lap of the Congress. This was Jefferson's original title. On July 19 an act of Congress changed it to "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America."

The sharp-witted lawyers of the Congress fell upon Jefferson's creation with a zest that cut the sensitive author to the quick. For three days they flayed the paper with hatchet and cutlass, hacking away words and phrases as if they were offensive tissue. Jefferson writhed. Out of more than 1800 words, the members of the Congress expunged 460, or about one-fourth of the whole. They altered about two dozen words and made two insertions in the peroration — references to a "supreme judge" and a "divine providence." Jefferson had neglected the deity.

The debate was an agonizing ordeal for Jefferson. He sat still and silent, "a passive auditor," he said, suffering more than his dignity permitted him to show. Burden of the defense lay with the chunky, hard-hitting John Adams, who, in the words of the grateful Jefferson, was "fighting fearlessly for every word." Every word under attack was a ruthless depredation upon the author's creation. Despite his pride, he could not altogether control his emotions. Finally

the seventy-four-year-old Franklin took pity on the sensitive author. The great Doctor leaned over in his genial bulk, and with the humorous wisdom and serene compassion for which he was famous he spoke words of comfort to the unhappy Virginian.

Jefferson tells the delightful story

I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to these mutilations.

"I have made it a rule," said he "whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you.

"When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, *Joseph Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money*, with a figure of a hatter subjoined: but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments.

"The first he showed it to thought the word *Hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words *makes hats*, which show he was a hatter. It was struck out.

"The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. If good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out.

"A third said he thought the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with

and the inscription now stood, *John Thompson sells hats*.

"Sells hats!" says his next friend: "Why, nobody will expect you to give them away; what then is the use of that word?" It was stricken out, and *hats* followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board.

"So the inscription was reduced ultimately to *John Thompson*, with the figure of a hat subjoined."

The hacking which the Declaration underwent did not, miraculously enough, spoil the force of its arguments or the cadence of its phrases. Many felt as did Richard Henry Lee, who told the pleased Jefferson: "The thing is in its nature so good, that no cookery can spoil the Dish for the potatoes of Freemen."

On Monday, July 1, "the thing" was put to a vote. After nine hours of acrimonious debate all the colonies, except Pennsylvania and South Carolina (and partly Delaware), voted in its favor. On the following day the recalcitrant colonies changed their vote, and "there was not a dissenting voice." The Declaration of Independence was approved on July 2. On July 3 the Congress took up Richard Henry Lee's original resolution of June 7 and debated the crucial point that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States."

On that day Jefferson noted that

the temperature was 76° Fahrenheit — not a hot afternoon for Philadelphia in July. On that same day Jefferson spent 103 shillings. He bought a thermometer for £3.15 and "7 pr. women's gloves" for 27 shillings; 1/6 he gave "in charity."

On July 4 the Congress debated all day. It was a comparatively cool day. Jefferson said nothing; he quietly took notes. He was not so absorbed, however, as to neglect to record the temperature in his notebook. He took at least four readings on his new nineteen-dollar thermometer. While the statesmen of the newly-born Nation were arguing heatedly, Jefferson recorded: "July 4th, 6 A.M., 68°; 9 A.M., 72¼°; 1 P.M., 76°; 9 P.M., 73½°."

In the evening the debate was closed and all the members present, except John Dickinson, signed the Declaration of Independence. Many were not present and signed several days later.

To inform the citizens that the Nation was born, the Declaration of Independence was read in the public square (Independence Square) in Philadelphia. Copies were made and published in all the hamlets and settlements throughout the thirteen colonies that had suddenly been declared States.

And so a new Nation was born.

► *A composite picture of what the RAF is doing to Hitler's Reich.*

BOMBS FALL ON GERMANY

By WILLIAM BAYLES

THE damage visited on England from the skies has been extensively reported by foreign correspondents, described by literary men, photographed and filmed for the whole world. But the Nazis have made a deep secret of the devastation wrought on Germany by the Royal Air Force. The impression has thus been created, as Hitler intended, that the aerial duel has been more or less one-sided. In actuality both sides have played the game and the Britons, too, have scored heavily.

The writer has been given access to certain official data and has supplemented it with investigation in other quarters, in an effort to assemble a reasonably full picture of Germany under fire. The results of the inquiry, while admittedly incomplete, leave no doubt that Germany has suffered vast damage. The composite picture is less spectacular than that provided by the bombings of England; but this is chiefly because the British have used their restricted forces — operating at longer and hence less favor-

able ranges — primarily against industrial, communications and other strategic war targets rather than population centers.

As the winter started, the British Prime Minister was able to announce that with the approach of the long nights, ideal for bombing, the Royal Air Force "is at least equal in size and numbers to the Germans." In actual bombing power it now exceeds the *Luftwaffe*, if the heavy raids on England the preceding winter and spring are used as a basis of comparison. The Nazi planes that bombed Coventry and London carried between one and one and a half tons of explosive. In the heaviest of all German raids, on last May 10, an estimated 500 planes participated. But in two successive nights at the beginning of November, over 1000 British aircraft went to Germany. They were not the small machines of last year, carrying a ton of bombs; a larger percentage were huge four-engined Stirlings and Halifaxes with five, six and even seven tons of bombs in their racks. And the bombs have

grown from the 250-pound average to the scale which classifies a 2000-pound mammoth as "medium."

Returning British crews make reports that sound like translations of the reports broadcast by German pilots following last year's raids on England. Aerial photographs taken regularly of bombed German cities look very much like similar photographs of certain blitzed English towns. Travelers from Germany corroborate both the reports and photographs by describing streets of smashed houses, gutted warehouses and public buildings, and nights spent in cold shelters with terrified German civilians while bombs and guns crashed overhead and the stench of cordite and fire penetrated even to the deepest basement room. Piecing these three sources of information together and adding the warnings and advice to civilians printed in the Nazi press, one can obtain a fairly comprehensive idea of how the RAF "dishes it out."

The principal center of British attention has been the Ruhr, that concentrated industrial principality forty-four miles long and sixteen miles wide between Hamm and the Rhine that contains 6 per cent of Germany's population, and produces 67 per cent of her coal, 76 per cent of her coke, 71 per cent of her benzol, 78 per cent of her ammonia,

71 per cent of her pig iron, 69 per cent of her steel, and 66 per cent of her tin plate. A total of 540 raids has been made on the Ruhr, 42 major ones on Essen itself.¹ They reached their peak in August when the Ruhr had only a single quiet night. Bomber pilots admit that the Ruhr is not the most desirable target because every defense that German military science knows has been thrown around the Reich's industrial heart. As one pilot described it, "They throw so much stuff up at you that you could get out and walk on it. You've got to see it to believe it."

But the RAF gets through and thousands of tons of bombs have been unloaded on Germany's crowded armaments factories. A single raid demolished the main power station of Essen, two sub-stations and a Krupp foundry. "The power station was in the center of several fires," the observer on a British plane declared. "We cruised over it till I got it squarely in my sights and then I let our heaviest packet go. There was a terrific blast and the whole thing went right up. The explosion lit up the inside of our machine." Weeks later it was reported that 400 persons had been killed and 1800 injured in this particular explosion. A

¹This article was written early in November. The British have engaged in extensive and effective raiding since then.—Ed.

German worker described it in a letter: "The whole sky was fiery red and houses all around shook."

The workers are compelled to remain in the Ruhr, but their families have been evacuated. "It is so empty," reported a foreign traveler. "The English have made havoc. One aerial torpedo destroyed everything within 300 meters and killed ninety people. I counted fourteen fires." Despite bomber visits, which average several a week, the factories of the Ruhr continue, but a competent observer has estimated that during periods of raids their productive capacity is reduced by 30 per cent.

Cologne, capital of the Ruhr and the Rhineland, has been battered in 102 raids and received 1000 tons of bombs in a single month. Photographs of the center of the city reveal acres of demolition, and a widening strip along the left bank of the Rhine from Mühlenbach to Dagobertstrasse shows little more than rubble. The main railway station has been hit by five heavy bombs and two of its platforms are entirely gone. The Baslerhof Hotel opposite, the post office, and town hall have all suffered heavy damage. The substitute windows placed in the cathedral after the costly ones had been removed to safety have been blown out repeatedly, and Rhineland Catholics regard the es-

cape of the cathedral itself as one of the miracles of the war, considering that it is within 100 yards of the main railway station.

The main shopping district in Hohestrasse and Dammstrasse has been thoroughly bombed; Cologne's two large department stores, Cords and Tietz, are both gutted; Fullerstrasse, Giebelstrasse, Teresienstrasse, Monzenstrasse, Herzogstrasse, Breitestrasse and Zionstal are lined with wreckage; the prominent Bauer and Delft cafes are gone; the Agrippina and Sida cinema houses are demolished; Deichmannshaus, the military headquarters of the city, received a direct hit; the entire Lindengürtel suburb has been evacuated; the Westhoven and Portz barracks are wrecked. The Deutz Diesel Works, which makes military transport vehicles, has been battered in a dozen raids; the large Bemberg Rayon Factory shows gaps and piles of rubble where buildings once stood, and the German Dye Trust factories at Leverkusen have been repeatedly hit. To cut off a major source of Cologne's electrical power, thirty-five Blenheim bombers hedgehopped across Holland and Germany in bright daylight and planted tons of delayed action bombs on the Knapsack Power Station from a height of less than fifty feet. "The whole plant was one big flash of flame

and flying pieces," a bomber pilot declared. "We had to climb to keep from being blown up by our own bombs."

II

Another western German town on the RAF calling list is Hamm, the great Ruhr railway junction, and it has been raided eighty-three times. Railway yards are easy targets and the operational chiefs at Bomber Command in England give the Germans just time to remove debris and repair their tracks before sending the bombers back with more eggs for Hamm. The strategic weakness inherent in the German desire to organize and centralize is nowhere more apparent than in Hamm. The major railway traffic from western Germany to the east is marshalled here, thus giving the RAF a ready-made target.

Kassel has seen two wings of its main station gutted by fire, its Elector's Palace and Friedrich Museum destroyed and its Herrenstrasse littered with wreckage. The Gerhard Fieseler Aircraft Works, which build most of Germany's training planes, and the Henschel Works, which produce locomotives and also Daimler-Benz airplane engines, have both been hit repeatedly. Visitors have estimated that one-third of both

Aachen and Münster has been destroyed. Photographs of Münster reveal between fifteen and twenty industrial buildings in ruins and extensive damage throughout the town.

Mannheim, important railway junction for traffic to Italy, has been raided fifty-one times. Sixteen large warehouses along the Verbindungskanal between the Rhine and Neckar have been gutted, a large warehouse and three sheds at the central freight station wrecked, and twelve cargo boats burned as they lay in dock. A vast area of 26,000 square yards in the Neckarstadt district has been completely flattened, and in the adjoining town of Ludwigshafen the Dye Trust Chemical Works was cordoned off for days while carefully selected workers and soldiers removed bodies and cleaned up debris. In its most devastating raid, Mannheim suffered the fate of London — lack of water because bombs had smashed the water mains. "It was burning from one end to the other," a British pilot reported. "We got smoke in our eyes even at 7000 feet." Foreign observers have reported that the Daimler-Benz armored car factory in Mannheim is half destroyed and that the Heinrich Lanz machine tool works are reduced 50 per cent in production. Twelve hundred tons of

grain and 1500 tons of dried peas were destroyed in warehouses, more than seventy direct hits have been scored on railway yards, and a particularly lucky bomb sent a span of the newly completed Autobahn bridge outside the city crashing into the river, thus disrupting the main artery of highway traffic.

Hamburg, Bremen, Emden, Wilhelmshaven and Kiel, Germany's northern ports, have received impartial attention. Hamburg has been raided 84 times, Bremen 88, Emden 60, Wilhelmshaven 58 and Kiel 60. "Hamburg is a tragic picture," wrote an observer. "There is scarcely a district in this great city that has not suffered." Aerial photographs show thirty-six large buildings in the city demolished and chaotic destruction ringing the harbor. A single new "beautiful bomb" flattened 20,000 square yards in the Steinwerder industrial district and damaged every building over an additional 75,000 square yards. The Hamburg-American Line offices, the Deutsche Bank, the Treasury Building, Law Court and American Consulate have been hit and damaged. The only thing left standing in Adolf Hitler Platz is the statue of Kaiser Wilhelm I.

Bremen, smaller and more compact than Hamburg, received 500 tons of bombs in a single month. "The center of Bremen simply

doesn't exist any more," remarked a Scandinavian traveler who had been there, and aerial photographs reveal whole streets of crumbled, roofless houses. Obernstrasse, once a fashionable shopping street, and the large Cords and Karlstadt department stores are a jagged pile of rubble. The main Focke-Wulf factory, which turned out Germany's long-range bombers, has been razed; Deschimag, the principal submarine works of Germany, has been repeatedly hit; the Weser Aircraft Works, which builds dive-bombers, was seriously damaged in a daylight raid; the Atlaswerk, which produces smaller war equipment, suffered heavy damage, and the Deutsche Werft shipbuilding works have been largely demolished. Tramway services were dislocated for weeks when a heavy bomb wrecked the Findorf subway, killing scores of people sheltering there.

Berlin, at the end of a difficult 650-mile journey largely over hostile territory, has had fifty-three RAF visits, the majority of them from Wellington, Stirling and Halifax bombers carrying substantial loads. Heavy damage has been inflicted on the triangle between the Potsdamer, Anhalter and Gleisdreieck stations, which presents a scene comparable with the worst *blitzed* parts of English towns. The Berlin Cathedral,

Opera, State Library, Stock Exchange and War Museum have all been hit, and practically every street corner along Unter den Linden shows damage. Friedrichstrasse, Neustädterkirchstrasse, Waitzstrasse, Charlottenstrasse, and Kochstrasse have been strewn with bombs. Tauentzienstrasse, fashionable shopping street, has great gaps on both sides and the subway under it was put out of action when a bomb penetrated the street. Sixty houses in Kronenstrasse were wrecked on a single night and 80 persons were drowned in a shelter when water mains were broken.

The list of Berlin stations hit grows weekly. The Schlesischer, Stettiner and Lehrter stations have suffered severely, and the Potsdamer, Anhalter, Gleisdreieck, Witzleben, Ostkreuz and Westkreuz stations have also been hit. With many of Germany's vital industries located in its suburbs, Berlin is ringed with military targets. The Argus-Junkers factory overlooking the Spree, the Brandenburg Motor Works near by, the Heinkel Plant at Oranienburg, the Henschel Works building Dornier flying boats at Schoenefeld, the Arado Aircraft factory southwest of the city, the Auergesellschaft making wireless equipment, the vast Siemens factories at Siemensstadt, the Rheinmetall and Borsig works at

Spandau making heavy guns and tanks, the General Electric Company plants, have all been bombed and reveal patches of destruction. Tempelhof and Rangsdorf air-dromes have been attacked so consistently that the vast numbers of planes crowded on them during the first year of the war have had to be removed and dispersed. The Adlon and Eden, two of Berlin's four luxurious hotels, have been hit.

The most spectacular bombing exploit in Berlin was the blasting of the gigantic Klingenberg Power Station that supplies much of Berlin's industry with light and power. "I saw flashes as our bombs burst," declared a bomber observer, "but at first nothing happened. Then, after about forty seconds a colossal sheet of flame suddenly lit up the whole place. The explosion that occurred rocked our plane and momentarily silenced the Berlin guns. Within a few minutes an area of at least a quarter of a mile was blazing." Another airman passing over twenty minutes later reported, "The fire was simply terrific and covered about half a mile square. It put all the other Berlin fires in the shade." Following this raid General Erhard Milch of the *Luftwaffe* warned Berlin workers that they couldn't take shelter during attacks. "We can't look on while great damage is

done our factories important for the war effort," he declared. And Dr. Goebbels referred to fire-fighting as a matter of "bloody seriousness."

III

This mournful list of destruction and death is no more than a sampling. An official record of raids issued by the government under the title, *The Air Offensive Against Germany*, and covering the period only to February 1, 1941, reveals that "since the outbreak of the war 1500 area raids have been carried out on German territory, from the Baltic Sea to Switzerland, from the North Sea hundreds of miles inland to Berlin and beyond." Since then the tempo of the aerial attack has been stepped up both as to the number of raids and as to their intensity. The RAF is driving the war home to Germany with a cold fury that surpasses Germany's supreme achievement against London and the British ports. German officials say that 3853 civilians have been killed and 9446 injured in British raids, but more impartial observers placed the death toll in Berlin alone at over 3000 during a single week of nightly Hell last August.

Precision bombing has been the British policy, as contrasted with

the random "morale" bombing on which Marshal Göring invested such a large proportion of his planes and pilots. The aforementioned official report explained:

British bombing attacks on Germany have the twofold aim of destroying the industrial basis of Germany's war effort and of producing a situation in which shortage of essential war supplies will sap the energy and effectiveness of the German armed forces. In this way, they reinforce blockade at sea and supplement the attacks on concentrations of troops and materials in the "invasion ports" and on warships seeking refuge in German naval bases. The offensive against industrial Germany has taken the direct form of attacks on key points and the indirect form of attacks on other targets which have resulted in a general slowing-up of German war production and in the dislocation of a wide range of German industry.

A break-down of the 1500 "area raids" covered by the report confirms this statement: 466 were directed against railways and communications; 330 against munition and aircraft works, power stations and military stores; 279 against docks and shipping; 260 against oil refineries and storage; 200 against airdromes and seaplane bases; 25 "other objectives."

"Steadily and inexorably," the report concludes, "the grip will tighten upon the nerve centers of German resistance until it becomes a stranglehold. To this end, not a bomb that has been dropped upon

Germany has been wasted, and, as far as the precision of British pilots can insure it, not a bomb *will* be wasted."

Can Germany take it? Having lived there and traveled the length and breadth of the country in the first year of the war, the writer can add his own testimony to that of more recent observers. The answer is yes, as long as the Nazi Party remains firm. But there is a basic weakness in German morale that becomes increasingly apparent. It is a case of shocks to a strained organism, and the German organism was strained almost to the snapping point by seven years of political hysteria before the shooting war commenced.

Even during the worst raids on Plymouth and London, there was no sign of panic. But in Bremen, during last summer's heavy raids, a serious panic occurred. After a shelter had been demolished by a direct hit and several dozen people killed, the rumor spread that shelters were not safe and in the midst of a particularly intense raid, people left the shelters and ran frantically through the streets. Scores were killed by crashing walls and shrapnel from German guns.

Following a week of almost continuous nightly raids, the Nazi commissars in Cologne ordered the

arrest of 200 persons in an attempt to keep down mass hysteria, and a rush call was sent to Berlin for Gestapo reinforcements. People wrote on the walls of wrecked buildings, "Für dies danken wir unserem Führer." (For this we thank our Führer.) England has never found it necessary to maintain secrecy about bomb damage and any Englishman is free to inspect areas of destruction to his heart's content. Newspapers, indeed, indulge in unnecessarily lurid detail in describing damage. Germans, by contrast, are not permitted to see bombed districts and the papers invariably minimize the extent of damage.

The English, like the Americans, enjoy a fire, and the commonest remark during London's great *blitzes* was, "Isn't it a wonderful sight!" In peacetime I saw Germans wringing their hands and crying in the street because the Berlin Exhibition Halls were aflame, and in wartime I saw them sitting in shelters with tears in their eyes and repeating with trembling lips, "Die Zerstörung, wie schrecklich!" (The destruction, how terrible!) Germany is a poor nation, compared with England, and post offices and railway stations are acquired only at considerable personal sacrifice. The German therefore feels a defi-

nite sentimental attachment even to his public buildings and their destruction affects him deeply.

Even less than the destruction of his property can the German bear the disruption to his life routine through raids. With habit and organization so developed that the failure to get his particular brand of beer or his own chair in a restaurant will throw a German out of gear for hours, the mental havoc created by sustained raids is serious. Instead of exhibiting the native resourcefulness of London cockneys, bombed-out Germans and refugees sit in pathetic confusion until a Party official tells them what to do.

Germans never feel entirely safe from bombs because no German city has shelters hundreds of feet underground such as are provided by London's tube stations, and lacking material or labor even for erecting ground shelters, the Nazi authorities simply gave house tenants orders to construct their own makeshift shelter in a cellar room. Throughout Germany there is an exaggerated fear of gas, mainly be-

cause not one German in five has a gas mask as a sufficient number was not manufactured. Fantastic ideas prevail regarding the potency of British bombs, and at the beginning of the war official instructions were issued not to approach nearer than 30 feet to a burning incendiary.

Added to the winter's ordeal of confinement in cold cellars, the deafening noise, the smoke and fire, the fear of injuries, and the deadly percussion of mammoth bombs that crushes walls and windows, carries off roofs and pulps lungs, a feeling is growing among unprivileged Germans that they are being neglected. Party members and their families are withdrawing to Vienna and Prague, but the factory worker and shop clerk must remain even when the bombs fall. The suicide rate in Berlin has trebled since the war began. The newspapers call it *lebensmüde* (weariness of living).

The morale of the Germans is not steel but cast iron, and the British bombing experts know the effect of a bomb on a cast iron shell.



► *Some things the Yankees don't know about Jawjuh's top man.*

TALMADGE: WHITE MAN'S GOVERNOR

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

WHEN I interviewed Eugene Talmadge in 1934, I was so amused at his medicine-man histrionics that I affected my best Cracker dialect, lined my jaw with a chaw o' Brown Mule and wrote a funny story about the red-gallused idol of Tobacco Road. But the other day, when I revisited the Wild Man from Sugar Creek, his brand of politics no longer seemed the proper stuff for comedy and so this must be a serious piece about a sun-browned pine-knot in black-rimmed spectacles who exploits racial issues, cusses furriners, condones flogging and is generally thought of as a South Georgia combination of Hitler and Huey Long.

I'm not accustomed to interviewing governors at sun-up, but Gene Talmadge believes that every man, black or white, should be ready for work as soon as there's enough light to see by. I found him hard at it, running his farms with one hand and the sovereign State of Georgia with the other. He pushed back the big hat he wears in his office and freed a tuft of

cowlicked black hair, which has now become a doubtful political asset. Then he fixed me with dark eyes fanatically glazed, firmed his lips over a just-hit-me jaw and clipped off a measured answer to my question:

"No niggah's's good as a white man because the niggah's only a few shawt yere-ahs from cannibalism. Fo' thousands o' yere-ahs th' niggah sat on th' wealth o' th' world. Gold an' diamonds an' rubies an' emeralds. An' what'd he do? Filed his teeth an' ate his felluh men. An' all this time th' Caw-cas-yun race wus a-fightin' an' a-dyin' an' a-buildin' civil-liezations. Wherever the white man plants his *feet*, there he rules or finds his grave. Th' niggah's made progress in America, an' I want to help him make more progress. But no niggah's's good as a Jawjuh white man. No niggah deserves t'vote in Jawjuh. No Jawjuh white chile is a-gonna play on the same school ground with a niggah. An' no man who teaches any diff'ent will hold position in Jawjuh as long

as Talmadge can prevent it. That's why I fired this felluh Cocking. That's mah argument with th' Rosenwald folks. An' that's why certain newspapers are a-tearin' their shirttails against Talmadge."

Read that statement again. Maybe it causes you to retch at its audacious bigotry. Gene Talmadge doesn't believe that statement's true; he *knows* it's true. It's an honest statement by the Georgia white man's protagonist in an old, old conflict which flamed anew when Roosevelt began feeding the slaves Lincoln had freed. The Governor was talking straight to me, for knowing I have eaten as much cawn pone an' so'ghum as he has, he was depending on me to tell a few Yankees the truth about him. He feels he has been done wrong by furrin', double-crossin', writin'-felluhs who work fer niggah-lovin' scandal sheets.

"Now they're kickin' up a lotta dust about me opposin' Yankee influence," he went on. "I don't regard th' Rosenwald Fund as a representative Yankee influence. I know a lotta Yankees an' some of 'em have got sense. They don't believe in this 'racial amalgamation' damnfoolishness. But this felluh Embree believes it an' is a-tryin' to promote th' amalgamation of whites an' blacks. I got his

books to prove it. *Brown America* and *We Sing America*. They got illustrations of a little white girl and a little niggah girl at school together. An' you know what they're a-doin'! They're a-bitin' off the SAME sandwich! An' then it says 'little brown legs an' little white legs go skatin' off TO-GETHER!'"

The Governor caught his breath and waited for my jaw to drop, then added: "An' Cocking was Embree's representative in Jawjuh. He believes the same thing Embree believes. That's why I didn't stop till I fired him."

It is outside the scope of this article to examine all the conflicting theories about the now famous case of Dr. Walter D. Cocking, erstwhile dean of the College of Education, University of Georgia. Dr. Cocking entered a plea of not guilty to charges that he had "advocated" racial co-education of Negroes and whites in Georgia and the Talmadge evidence against him was thin, but there seems little doubt that both Dr. Cocking and Edwin R. Embree, president of the Rosenwald Fund, do "believe" that racial co-education has some proper place in a long-range program to solve the Negro problem. Certainly they don't believe what Talmadge believes.

In his administration of the Rosenwald Fund, Mr. Embree has followed the line of expediency in Georgia on the theory that the Negro must first be educated in Negro schools, then enfranchised. There is no evidence that Rosenwald money has been used to encourage "racial amalgamation," but in *Brown America* Mr. Embree does attack the legend of "white supremacy" which Talmadge holds so dear.

Talmadge missed fire in a first effort to oust Dr. Cocking, so he reshuffled the Board of Regents until he got a combination which would "fail to re-elect" the dean and nine other heretics. Any taxi driver in Atlanta will tell you that when Old Gene sets out to do something he will raise hell from Hickory Withe to Willicootchie Bluff until he gets it done.

The Talmadge opposition in Georgia, including the big newspapers and New Deal circles, is hoping the Cocking affair will cost Gene his head when he stands for either the Senate or the governorship this year. The various accrediting agencies are dropping the Georgia schools from accredited lists and students are yowling and threatening to desert to other states. They have booed the Governor at football games, burned

him in effigy and marched on the Capitol. Rosenwald funds, more of which have been spent on white schools in Georgia than on Negro schools, will be lost. But through it all, the Sage of Sugar Creek is standing on the solid rock of White Supremacy. Georgia doesn't want money tainted with "racial amalgamation" and no accrediting agency is bigger than the laws of Georgia. That's the Talmadgestand.

Taking the opposite tack, another bloc of the opposition has charged Talmadge with deliberately contriving the Cocking affair. But his cooler critics say no. As a catch-as-catch-can politician, Gene is not above exploiting such a juicy new development along Tobacco Road, but it is only a new skirmish in an old battle. The Talmadge feud with those who want Negroes to vote, and particularly with James M. Cox, former governor of Ohio and now owner of the *Atlanta Journal*, dates back nine years.

II

Another issue over which Georgia is writhing like a moccasin when you step on its head concerns the gentle art of flogging hell out'a sinners. The Knights of the Bed Sheet have been moved to "tetch

up" fifty-three of their fellow Georgians in the last two years and eight of the Knights — most of them good deacons and elders — are languishing in prison, waiting for Gentle Gene to open the big gate and return them to the firing line against sin. Thus far Gene has stood firm against all pleas to extend clemency to these godly men, but he admits his soul is troubled at having to keep them away from their families.

"Lotta good folks git mixed up in these floggings," he told me, philosophically. "I recall the time I got mixed up in one myself. Funny as hell how it came about. Was down in South Jawjuh a Sattiday yere-ahs ago. Niggahs all in town a-ginnin' cotton. One o' mah niggahs come runnin' ovah t'me, his eyes big as buckets, an' says, 'Great God, Mist' Gene, y'know whut ah seen? Dere's one o' dem red-headed Yankee women ovah heah all painted up lak Chris'mus, wid some o'dem red plumes in her hat. An' y'know whut she's a-doin? She's wawkin' roun' eatin' apples out'a de *same* sack wid de biggest, blackest niggah ya evah seed, wid leggin's on.' Well, I wawked on ovah cros' town an' sho' nuff, there she was. One o' them *red-headed* Yankee women. She had come in town in one o' them old, long,

white automobiles, an' she'd had to stop t'git it fixed. An' while it was a-bein' fixed, this damnfool woman was wawkin' aroun' with that niggah chauffeur — him wawkin' 'long beside her, mind'ya — an' they was a-eatin' out'a the *same* sack. I'm damned if it's not the gospel.

"Well, some o' the boys wanted to wait till night to tetch 'em up, but to hell with that night business. If a rascal needs knockin' down, why, hell, knock him down *now* so it'll do him an' the folks who see it both good. I jus' picked up mah buggy whip an' I walked down to that niggah an' that red-headed woman an' I stopped 'em. I cut that big niggah with that whip, an' y'know th' impudent sonuvabitch wanted to fight *me*. Jus' shows how Yankees mistreat niggahs. So I jus' threw mah gun on him an' let 'im have that whip till he hollered Sweet Jesus.

"It was the funniest thing y'ever saw. This woman — this *red-headed* Yankee woman — got t' th'owin' them apples at me an' th' folks had t'grab her. She lost a plume o' two out'a that red hat. Th' niggahs liked t'died laughin', an' they still tell down there how fast that big niggah an' that red-headed woman got that old white automobile out'a Jawjuh."

Ain't that Gene a' ole scoun'el! That isn't a story I dug up on him. It's what he told me himself — with relish and gestures. The day I was in Atlanta he denied the pleas of the convicted floggers for pardon. The best guess along Peachtree Street is that the governor's heart will continue to bleed for the floggers, and that some morning when the newspapers are busy with Hitler, he will forget and leave the gate open long enough for these avenging angels to rejoin their congregations.

Talmadge wants Yankees to understand him and be fair with him. He wants Yankees to quit lettin' politicians lure good niggahs up North to feed 'em and vote 'em and make tramps out of 'em. He believes the place for the Negro is on Southern land, not cooped up in some two-by-four housing project. He recalls with pride that his father was one of the founders of the Negro college at Forsyth, Georgia, and claims he has increased state appropriations for Negro schools.

"Hell, I know better how to treat a niggah than th' folks in New York," he said. "These scissor-bills who swallowed the dictionary don't fool me. I wus raised with niggahs. Used to ride calves an' dam up wash holes with 'em when I

was a kid. The Southern landowner has been the greatest humanitarian in the world. I got the support o' the smartest niggahs in Jawjuh. If I was a niggah, I'd rather live in Jawjuh than in New York. An' th' folks who really want to save this country had better be gettin' niggahs an' whites both out'a these projects an' gettin' 'em back on th' land with their friends who'll show 'em how to work."

III

Gene Talmadge has the brash independence of men who live on and by the land, and who acquired their land by their own efforts. It's important to know that he is perhaps the only dirt farmer holding high elective office in the nation.

When he left the University of Georgia, he had nothing but two hands cut to fit a pair of plow handles, and an extra dose of git-up-and-git. He had the good fortune to marry a woman who could get out in the collar and stay even longer than he could and the two of them, by tightnin' the line and keeping it tight, reared three children and acquired five thousand acres of good Georgia land on which this year they will net \$20,000. Talmadge is no tin-horn politician dependent on getting

elected to some office. He is one of the best farmers in the South. He and his wife work with their hands from sun to sun. He can watch a Negro plowing a half mile away and tell whether the backband is too high on the mule.

I asked him whether today, at 57, he thought he could start from scratch and make a living on Georgia farm land. "Yessuh, I can do it," he said. "With the wife I have, I can do it. Any man can do it who will work and live close, and who has a wife who'll get out there in the collar with him. The wife counts about three-fourths."

If you drive the two hundred miles from Atlanta to Telfair County and talk to Mrs. Talmadge — the Governor calls her "Mit" — she will help you to understand the other quarter of the Talmadge household. The Governor told me I'd find her "down there in a cornfield at work," but I didn't believe him. I was certain he had been joking when I saw the high, white columns of a red-brick Georgian mansion, topping a rolling, pine-dotted hill. The wife of the Governor of Georgia would be a stately, jasmine-perfumed mistress of a houseful of black servants. But the house was closed. A tip sent me driving down one of the back roads of the farm and I thought that

some furrin' writin'-felluh might call it Tobacco Road. There was a Model T with a flat tire and around it five Jeeters and Dudes were straining to lift a wheel onto a chunk o' scantlin'. Just beyond the Model T, parked well over in the ditch, was a barn-long black Cadillac with a tag which said it belonged to the Governor of Georgia. I parked near it and began to explore the pecan tree-covered fields. I asked two little barefooted white girls in cotton cheaps where I could find Mrs. Talmadge.

"She's out this'away som'ers," the oldest one obliged. Then they peered over the field and pointed to a sector where I would find the first lady of Georgia. I walked half a mile through freshly-planted ground and passed several groups of croppers and han's gathering pecans. As I approached the last trees, I felt sure I had been misdirected. There were a dozen men, women and children picking up pecans in that group, but I thought that none of them could be the wife of a governor. A warm, high-pitched Cracker voice hailed me.

"Ah bet yuh're lookin' fer me, aintcha?"

I stammered. The Governor had been right. Think of Dorothy Thompson in a Mother Hubbard, with freckles, discolored teeth, a

ten-cent straw hat and cotton stockings, after two hours strenuous action in plowed ground under a pecan tree, and you have a working picture of Mit Talmadge. We stood there in the field and talked for an hour. "Shucks, boy, we-uh wukkin' folks down heah . . . y'know yuh got-tah git out with these han's now . . . they won't wuk a'tall 'less yuh're with 'em . . . why if ah didn't git out heah with 'em, these han's'd nevah git this crop o' nuts gathered . . . not since all this monkey business in Washington . . . why should they wuk? . . . they can git three dollahs 'day from th' Gover'mint . . . we can't pay 'em that . . . ah give mah han's year-round wuk . . . ah pay a dollah a day . . . y'know days' mighty shawt now . . . sun sets mighty early . . . yeah ah give mah han's fatback out'a th' smokehouse . . . they sho' eat a lot when yuh give it to 'em out'a th' smokehouse . . . why, boy, we got-tah wuk . . . that little \$7500 th' Governor makes aint nuthin' . . . ah can make more'n that on this farm . . . co'se yuh know how 'tis . . . it all goes back into th' farms . . . new roofs an' a thousan' things . . . now don'cha go tellin' folks ah look lak this all th' time . . . when ah'm up in Atlanta ah spruce up, but

down heah we-uh wukkin' folks."

Mit Talmadge talked of the state debt. "In another four yere-ahs we-uh a-gonna have Jawjuh out'a debt . . . me an' th' Governor jus' can't understand nobody — a man or a Gover'mint either — a-owin' money an' not a-tryin' to pay it . . . if we wus a-graftin' up there in Atlanta we wouldn't have t'wuk so hard . . . but we-uh payin' Jawjuh's debt . . . Jawjuh's a great state, boy . . . Jawjuh's a-gonna be th' only state in th' South not t'owe nobody a penny . . . then we-uh a-gonna have a lot o' new things an' we-uh a-gonna pay fer 'em."

IV

That's the distaff side of Gene Talmadge — the three-fourths side. She keeps her farms and her accounts separate from the Governor's and she claims she is an even better farmer than he is. In election years, while Gene is giving 'em the Old Time Religion from the platform, Mit is a-weavin' in the crowd a-givin' it to 'em where she can look 'em in the eye. They call Gene the Wild Man, but nobody has yet called Mit the Wild Woman from Sugar Creek.

It is a mistake to dismiss Gene Talmadge as a demagogue and

political opportunist. He is not a practitioner of the expedient. He is much more the bigot and the fanatic. You can contrast him to a political opportunist who might be found as readily on the side of the Ku Klux Klan as the Knights of Columbus—depending on which one could deliver the votes. There is little of this in Gene Talmadge. He believes with religious fervor that he is a member of a superior race. He believes with all his soul that there are times when “Christian people” should use a lash. He concedes that some people will “cut the fool” with a lash, but he believes in the propriety of lashing. If all Talmadge had wanted was to hold office in Georgia, there are many ways he could have made his path easier. The modern Georgia opportunist doesn’t refer to some of Harry Hopkins’ former charges as “loafers and bums”; nor does he deliberately tweak the beard of the Santa Claus at Warm Springs.

When you compare Talmadge to Huey Long, you soon run short of similarities. There is the same platform voodoo, the same White Supremacy, the same scripture spoutin’. But these are attributes of most successful Southern politicians. As an example, you can’t find a Southern senator who will condemn Talmadge’s position in

the Cocking affair. Like Huey, Talmadge is confronted with big-city newspaper opposition; and again like Huey, he maintains a private weekly, the *Statesman*, with a circulation of anywhere from 20,000 to 150,000. Talmadge has Huey’s spectacular methods of “keeping promises.” When the Georgia legislature balked at cutting automobile license tags to three dollars, Gene cut the tax by executive order. He had promised the people three-dollar tags, hadn’t he? When an overtime state treasurer tried to stymie his program, Gene had National Guardsmen throw him out of the capitol. When his enemies tied up state funds for a month and tried to make Gene default on state obligations, he paid salaries and pensions by personal check, then forced the banks to pay a month’s interest of \$46,000 on funds they had allowed to be impounded. This sounds like Huey at his best, but here the similarity ends.

Huey was a high-tax man; Talmadge is a low-tax man. Talmadge believes “the only way to keep a Government honest is to keep it pore.” Huey almost bankrupted Louisiana; Talmadge has almost rid Georgia of debt. Huey trumpeted that every man should be a king; Talmadge snorts that every man

ought to get the hell back on the land and get to work. Huey's "boys" stole the door-knobs off the state capitol; Talmadge has some boys who "wouldn't do to pattern by," but nobody has yet caught one of their hands in the state's pocket.

The popular "Yankee" assumption that all the Talmadge supporters are snuff skeeters is ridiculously false. He is strong in the plowed ground and Georgia's county-unit system of voting is tailor-made for him. But Talmadge as a governor is something a lot of Georgia rich men and businessmen dream of with smiles on their faces. Those well-oiled Talmadge campaigns are not financed by snuff skeeters. The white croppers in Georgia don't vote any more than the Negroes do. The people who hold the balance of voting power in Georgia are the God-fearin', small-town, small-business, small-farm-owning "middle class." They are the most conservative voters in America. They vote for Roosevelt because he is a "Christian Democrat," but they don't trust Washington. They live in constant fear that Washington will enfranchise the Negroes and poor whites, and organize the Negroes into voting pressure groups, as they are organized in the North. If this should

ever happen, the Negroes would have clear majorities in forty Georgia counties, would hold the balance of power in the state and would be able to elect a mayor of Atlanta. The Wild Man of Sugar Creek is the St. George who keeps his breast bared to this threat.

In appraising the Talmadge position, it is necessary to keep in mind that Talmadge has staged a comeback against New Deal enthusiasm in Georgia. He had served five terms as commissioner of agriculture and as governor until the New Deal, at its height, defeated him. He ran against Senator George in the 1938 "Purge Campaign" and while George outran him, George and Talmadge together polled a tremendous anti-Roosevelt majority. When Talmadge ran for governor in 1940, not even the big Atlanta papers opposed him. As the "reform" candidate, he polled a popular majority as well as the county-unit majority. Because the "voting people" of Georgia can only pray Republican but never vote that way, they have been voting for one system of government in Washington and another system of government in Atlanta. Talmadge believes the tide is beginning to run in his direction and this year he will attempt either to eliminate the New Dealish Senator

Russell, or he will run for a four-year term as governor and try to achieve his ambition of putting Georgia out of debt.

Talmadge laughs when the reporters compare him to Hitler. "They use to call me Stay-lin," he said, "but they've brought old Stay-lin around to the amen corner and anointed him and made him a member of the congregation. So now they call me Hitler. You just tell them good, straight-thinkin' Yankees that Talmadge ain't nothin' but a Christian Democrat who believes in folks workin' for a livin' and in Gover'mints that are pore and honest."

When spring rolls 'round in Jawjuh, the firin'll be hot and heavy. Old Gene'll be up there sweatin', that hair down in his face, an' a-singin' th' Old Time Religion. The amen antiphonal chorus'll be th'owin' it back at him. Down amongst 'em, Mit'll be a-lookin' 'em in th' eye an' a-tellin' 'em th' gospel. Th' presses o' them big city papers'll be a-rollin' with damlies fo' God's people. Ol' Gene'll have to suffah. But Ol' Gene'll come th'u'. Ol' Gene'll save good, God-fearin' Jawjuh folks from the Philistines, them New Dealahs and the niggah-lovin' apostles o' Stay-lin.



WITH AGE, SIGHT LENGTHENS

WITH age, sight lengthens, and the vision's range
Increases with man's years — a poor exchange
For the child's brooding vision, seeing more
In the few yards outside the garden door
Than man, in all his journeys. Never again
Will he see anything as plain
As once he saw
The exquisite roundness of his 'alley taw,'
Or the enchanted spiral, red and blue,
Miraculously passing through
The clear glass marble on the board
Grandmamma called the 'solitaire';
Never again will life afford
Jewels as bright
As those translucent drops that glittered where
The tiny fountain in the pond
Sprayed leaf and frond
With jets of silver light.

Satiate with seeing, the old man's eyes eschew
The garish present, the bewildering new.
Suns, long since set, shimmer before his gaze;
So his eyes, lifted
From some dull tome, conned by the midnight lamp,
Are dazzled by the rays
Of sunlight, sifted
Through pine tree branches at his boyhood's camp:
Almost his hand can touch
The rough, red bark —
And, peering through the gathering dark,
His anxious eyes recover much
The years had hidden. Clearer and more clear
The barn, the orchard, and the stream appear.
His stature dwindles: grasses grow
Fabulously tall:
Once more, his eyes, percipient, know
Each cranny of the wall,
Moss-grown, and lichen-fringed, that bounds
The orchard: long-forgotten sounds
Awaken, the old ecstasy's attained
And childhood's earthly paradise regained

— FREDA C. BOND

So long as men work and dream and plan for the future

SO LONG AS MEN pursue happiness and security for those they love, they will seek assistance in the things that help their dreams come true.

That is one reason why Americans own more life insurance than any other people in the world...no other people are so free to plan their own futures.

But even the 65,000,000 Americans who own some life insurance do

not own enough to carry out all their plans. Remember that each year 1,200,000 young men and women graduate from school or college... about 1,500,000 new homes are established...approximately 2,300,000 babies are born for whom parents wish to provide protection.

Circumstances change constantly, and these changes increase the need of people for life insurance protection. So, while Americans own much

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD • Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.





life insurance, they need more. However, we believe it is no exaggeration to say that the number of people either unprotected or insufficiently protected would be much greater than it is . . . were it not for the life insurance agent.

The agent attracted the public's attention to life insurance in the days when it was new and novel. Because he believed enthusiastically and sincerely in life insurance, he succeeded in imparting that belief to others. Like the crusader he is, the agent had the courage and persuasiveness to help people adopt new ideas.

Without that same kind of salesmanship and service, Americans would still be driving horses and buggies. Homes would still be without washing machines, telephones, and radios. The idea of 65,000,000 people owning life insurance would be too fantastic to talk about.

So long as men work and dream and plan for the future, they need life insurance and the benefits it brings. So long as this is true, they should have, and do have the guidance of trained, experienced agents who are qualified to advise what type and amount of life insurance best fit people's needs and circumstances.

► *"She rode the wave of the
revolt against Puritanism."*

ISADORA DUNCAN

BY MAX EASTMAN

MY LAST glimpse of Isadora Duncan was in the spring of 1927, when I was starting home after a sojourn of five years in Europe. Much had happened both to me and to the world in those five years and the moment of leaving Paris was one of high emotion. I was standing at the car window, laughing and yet inwardly sobbing at the sadly funny excitement of people parting from their friends — the old inexorable mystery of transition — when suddenly I heard Isadora Duncan's rich voice making music of my short name: "Max, Max — goodbye, goodbye!" She raised her hand when I caught sight of her, and stood still with it in the air, moving it slowly in a serene and strong benediction. A great beam of that energetic and celestial, and yet also mischievously Irish, light she had in her eyes shone to me. She looked very great. She looked like a statue of real liberty.

A few months later I learned that she was dead — strangled and her neck broken, while driving in

the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, by the heavy-painted silk shawl that she wore, the same one in which she danced the Marseillaise. It had caught and wound up in a wheel of the speeding car, and seized and destroyed her like a living thing.

And how living a thing it had been! How often she had breathed into that frail instrument the bounding pulse of her passion for beauty and freedom! Everyone groped for the symbolism in its turning upon her at the last, but to me it was painfully clear. I had been living near her on the Riviera, and been with her a few times both there and in Paris. I knew what an un pitying and awful downhill slope to dissolution she was on. She had made a cult of impulse and impracticality, rapture and abandon. She had dimmed her own native good sense, drugged her cerebrum all her life long with romantic notions of what her classic art, and art in general, demanded and consisted of. She had confused caprice with independence, heroics

with heroism, mutiny with revolution.

As a young girl, she had succeeded with this life-tactic brilliantly, the masses pouring out their mites to her, and millionaires stepping in with lump sums when necessary. At middle-age she had still got away with it, for she could dance statuesquely as well as like the wild deer and she had that warm, witty magnetism, not purely erotic, which often draws mature men more powerfully than mere nubile girlhood. But as an aging woman, she needed a truer and more austere wisdom than she had. She could not live on gestures any longer. She could not find enough love and she could not find enough money to keep going. She was not taking life straight — she was taking it too often with alcohol. If the scarf had really been given life by her dance, it could not have acted more loyally.

The vogue of what is called "modern dancing" has for the moment dimmed the memory of Isadora's beautiful and triumphant deeds. It is largely an exercise in sophisticated infantilism, a part of that anxious imitation of the primitive with which all art heralded the totalitarian renunciation of mind and civilized aspiration. Even so, modern dancing owes much to her

clearing of the stage and unlimbering of the body.

But the world which has kept, and is still keeping, its head throughout this period of hysterical reversion, owes infinitely more. She was one of the great people of the earth, incomparably greater than Duse and Sarah Bernhardt, with whose names hers is so often linked. She was not only a supreme artist as they were, endowed by nature with intense power and the intense will to restrain it; but she was also a creative and a moral force. She used her power not only to entertain and enlarge the world, but to move it.

And she did move it. She created, or recreated perhaps — it is hard to tell — a new art, the art of natural dancing. It is not necessary to idolize "nature," or subscribe to all or any of the extravagant things she used to say in preaching her aesthetic revolution. Artists are rarely wise talkers about their art. Suffice it to say that she emptied the stage of all decoration, hung high, misty-blue curtains behind her, took off her shoes and stockings and all of her clothes save a scarf or a scarflike tunic that clung to her muscles, and in utter human simplicity, danced.

Had she danced then rantingly, or ravingly, or even with the ro-

mantic extremism with which she talked about dancing, the revolution would have been a dud. She danced with a sense for the contained rapture, the never-too-completed deed, the dignity of the inner spirit, which set everybody thinking about Greek sculpture and Greek vases and the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. Although the real inspiration of her art, she always averred, was Walt Whitman's romantic American poetry, and she did indeed fly out like a sunlit bird from that dark mass of prophetic imagery, she was accepted by the world as a reviver of the art of classic Greece.

To me, who had nourished my youth so largely on the straight, clear thinking of the Greeks, and on Walt Whitman's affirmation of the majesty of natural passions, declining the choice between romantic and classic, she seemed as near as anything I have experienced to a divine revelation. People who have given up going to church like to find in the theatre some corresponding attunement of their nerves with universal and ideal being — a natural thing, for the theatre evolved from the church, dance and the drama from divine service. If wisdom ever conquers superstition, the church, it seems to me, can only rejoin and consecrate the

theatre. In Isadora Duncan's dancing, especially at the Metropolitan in 1917, when she had her six young girl pupils with her, borne on the music of a complete and inspired orchestra, and realizing for a time the whole of her aesthetic dream, I felt that such a union and consecration had been achieved.

II

It is interesting, therefore, as bearing on the nature of hero-worship that, although our relation was quite intimate, love never entered in any of its million forms into my feeling for Isadora. It was not reverence that caused this aloofness in me; no one reared on Walt Whitman and the Greeks would hesitate to embrace an immortal. It was something in Isadora as a person that embarrassed me and made me ill-at-ease. She looked, in the first place, like one of El Greco's Irish mick-like angels with a turned-up nose — a very difficult kind of nose, in my opinion, for an angel to wear, and still more for a Grecian dancer. She was not of heroic size, as you expected after seeing her on the stage, and her body, although comely in a mellow way, was not excitingly beautiful. She had in supreme degree only the powers of expression and mo-

tion: Thus her physical presence in private life did not make up, as an Amazon's should, for a certain over-riding force in her — a sort of didactic, almost blue-stocking, assertiveness. You will find it in the great free-lovers as often as in the old-maid saints.

To put it in another way, she was a spiritual child of Susan B. Anthony, as well as Walt Whitman, and the strain of the iron reformer was strong in her. She was a great speechmaker. I once went down with her to the East Side to visit Jacob Adler's Yiddish theatre and after the play a dozen of us went out to a supper party, memorable for champagne-drinking and dancing and orating, and some rather exhibitionistic kissing between her and the great actor. We lifted them both, chairs and all, onto a table in the early hours of the dawn and Isadora made a speech about Intemperance. I have rarely heard a more persuasive or more witty speech. Yes, she was in the direct line from Ann Hutchinson and Lucretia Mott, little as those pious rebels would have liked the drift of her remarks. She was the extreme outpost of the movement for woman's emancipation.

Her position was not too extreme for me — that is not what I am trying to say. But it was an in-

tellectual position; she was invading a field where serious thinking had been done, and some was still to do. And she had brains; she was, as she used to call herself in some surprise, a "cerebrale." But she was a cerebrale who declined to use her cerebrum. Not only was she a smatterer and a mental dilettante; that, as a dancer, she had a right to be. But she was, in her sparkling way, an obscurantist. She cultivated an attitude of irrelevance to fact and rationality as though it were an intellectual virtue, as though it were a part of being "radical." That was the thing that made her impossible to me as a companion. We shared so many views and attitudes and I admired not only her art, but her courage, kindness, wit and true-heartedness so fervently, that this single repelling element stood very clear in my mind. I saw that she had within her command both realism and sagacious judgment, but that she exercised these faculties only in flashes, and either for the purpose of bedevilling somebody, or just to vary the monotony of a life devoted to higher things than intelligence.

Thus all her life long she talked of founding a grandiose dancing school, a school large enough for a whole city to learn to dance in, so that life itself in the future might

become a dance. I think she saw the proletariat and the white-collar classes joining hands with the bankers in Wall Street, all going to their work in shimmering tunics to the rhythm of the *Unfinished Symphony* or the *Marche Lorraine*. With years enough of this talk, she finally subdued her fabulously rich lover, whom she called Lohengrin, and he bought Madison Square Garden (at least bought an option on it) and presented it to her in a graceful little speech at a birthday party. As Arnold Genthe charmingly told me the story, she said in answer:

"What do you think I am, a circus?"

It ended her friendship with Lohengrin; it ended her grandiose life-dream. It seemed to her friends a diabolic act of self-destruction. And indeed it was. But the weapon employed in this act was good common sense, a treasure which on principle she kept buried most of the time.

On an earlier occasion Lohengrin gave her a necklace of diamonds, which she wore to please him at a supper party — the only time in her life she ever put on a jewel. With the drinks and the music she forgot about pleasing him and became enamored of a younger and darker swain from South America

who danced the tango ravishingly. They danced with so little restraint that Lohengrin finally got up — to the height of six feet six — lifted the slender swain by the pants and the collar, and carried him out through the door. When Lohengrin returned, Isadora was standing in flames of ice, if for once there can be such, in the center of the floor.

"If you don't like my friends," she cried, "I don't want your jewelry!"

She ripped off the fabulous necklace, and with a gesture between Mars, God of War, and Zeus the Rain-bringer, scattered the flashing gems to every corner of the room and marched out in the wake of the beautiful tango dancer. Arnold Genthe was standing near the door and as she passed him she murmured, without turning her head:

"Pick 'em up."

In all this a delightful charm is visible that one might embrace in a person who made less exalted claims upon admiration. Perhaps it was reverence after all, or partly that, which held me off. I was repelled by her conversational and behavioral heroics, her confusion all through life of gesticulation with gesture, because I adored as heroic the opposite quality in her dancing. I wanted her to be great and

real, a classic in the mold of Walt Whitman, all the way through. I did not want to undertake her reformation — and I did not want to “kid” her about her poses, as I would have had to in order to feel at home with them. So I remained aloof and noncommittal, permitting her to lecture me — for she was an inveterate teacher — in matters about which I knew four times as much as she did.

III

Our most romantic meeting was in a mountain watering place in the heart of revolutionary Russia — Kislovodsk, a sort of expropriated Saratoga Springs. I had gone down from Moscow to talk with Trotsky, who was resting there. He was telling me his life story for the purpose of a biography, but his “rest” was so strenuous that we had small time to talk. I was feeling tired of the postponements, eager to get back to my own life — in fact, homesick and depressed — when here came Isadora and her daughter-in-the-dance, Irma, walking right into my arms like long-lost friends from home. Irma has described our meeting in her book *Isadora Duncan's Russian Days*:

After two and a half days' not too comfortable journeying, the travelers

reached the little town at six o'clock one August morning. As they stepped off the train, amid the bustling and shouting, the first person their astonished eyes lighted on was an old friend from New York — Max Eastman, the poet and writer. He was down at the station at that early hour, he replied in answer to their first question, to buy some milk. Pressed further, he told them that he was in Kislovodsk with Leon Trotsky, whose guest he was, writing a biography of the famous leader.

Eastman very helpfully piloted the two newcomers about the place, helped them find rooms at the hotel, and then entertained them at lunch. After lunch he went off and was seen no more, either closely or at a distance, during the remainder of their stay in the resort.

It seems now almost as strange to me as it must have to them that I did not come back — but only because it is hard for me to remember, through the mellowing years, how embarrassed I always was by the admirable force of character with which Isadora insisted on being half-baked.

Meeting there so far from our homeland, on a pilgrimage we had undertaken almost simultaneously and with similar enthusiasms, we had thousands of things to talk about. But I could not enjoy the talk. In her first few sentences, I came up against that same willful insistence upon putting gesture in the place of judgment, which in a divine being rendered me speech-

less. I could not discuss Bolshevism, which I conceived as an enterprise in social engineering, in terms of a gesture toward the unattainable. And Sergei Yessenin, the Russian poet, from whose blows and drunken clutches she was on that very trip making a final escape, I could not, without undertaking her emotional re-education, candidly discuss at all. All the reasons we had for intimate and cozy conversations when Fate brought us together there in the far Caucasus, home both of Bolshevism and the Golden Fleece, became reasons for staying away.

Arnold Genthe thinks that Isadora's life and character would have developed very differently had she not lost her two beautiful children, the daughter of Gordon Craig and the son of Lohengrin — both drowned by sheer ghastly accident in a taxicab that fell into the Seine. He thinks that she became morbidly self-destructive after it happened. Certainly that element of meaningless bad luck in a life devoted with such magnificent courage to an outlawed ideal of love and motherhood must, in all who do not pretend it was the judgment of God, win her a forgiving sympathy.

But as you read her own story of her life, you see the habit of self-

destruction, of challenging fate to destroy her, beginning long before that. From early youth she loved nothing better than to "spend her last cent" in some purely, and never mind how shallowly, aesthetic extravagance. All the way along she confused loyalty to life with defiance to good sense. And her Russian downhill entanglement, her mad passion for Yessenin's alcoholic cruelties and desecrations — an inverted sensitivity in that too tenderly melodious poet — was a continuation of the same confusion. It was not purely masochistic. It was still a gesture toward her childish notion of the sublime.

"Yessenin is a *great poet!*"

Almost her first words at Kislovodsk were to tell me, and indeed try to teach me, that overwhelming fact, which, since I read Russian, I obviously knew better than she did. She was still trying to consummate her love-and-mother instincts and her passion for beauty, all in one sublime act of bad judgment.

In the name of Art, which as she exemplified it was supremely poised and aware and self-contained, she lured into her breast and bed this self-abandoned, suicidal genius-bum, a lyric-hearted ploughboy-singer turned into a sot by a city he could

not love and a revolution he could not understand. Their union was consummated in a pitch-black midnight of the mind, for he never learned more than six words of any foreign tongue, nor she a single consecutive sentence in Russian. Every intelligent person, in Moscow and everywhere else they went, from Paris to Kansas City, knew that this blind union was a disaster to them both, as well as to the hotel furniture. And among those who knew this best was that person within Isadora Duncan who, in spite of a lifelong romantic idealization of folly, made her both a sagacious wit and a classically great dancer.

When I knew her later on the French Riviera, she was repeating with the same obtuse fidelity the same fading pattern — this time with a young Russian pianist. He was no great genius at all but a good actor, more shrewd and perhaps more cruel than Yessenin. He locked himself in the bedroom with another woman one night and refused to answer Isadora's knocking. She pounded the door and cried out that she would die by her own hand if he did not let her in. And she did go and put on the long purple cloak in which she was accustomed to dance the *Marche Funèbre* of Chopin, and walk solemnly

out into the night, across the Promenade des Anglais — so soon to be her death scene — and straight on into the blue Mediterranean up to her neck.

It is impossible not to smile on being told that the sole walker in the Promenade at that late hour was a retired army colonel with the gout, a man little inclined to take sea baths in the small hours of the night, but withal a British gentleman. He hobbled right in after the sublime and melancholy figure, not stopping to discard his monocle or walking stick, and brought her, purple-dripping like an armful of ripe fruit, back to the beach.

"Wouldn't this make a wonderful movie!" she said, as he set her down.

In that sad, and yet not unrelieved fashion, the life of this great woman drew to its close. William Bolitho attributes to her "a greater fame and a greater influence than any other American woman has ever achieved," and I think he is right. For apart from those momentary raptures she could engender, or because of them — because few stars ever more completely captured the theatrical world — she wielded a force far from momentary, and far beyond the confines of the theatre. She really became, as she thought to, a

winged apostle to the whole world of Walt Whitman's vision of a poised and free-bodied and free-souled humanity, carrying his thought to hearts that never heard of him, or of her either.

All the bare-legged girls, the sun-tanned, assured and natural girls with strong, free steps wherever they go, owe more to Isadora Duncan than to any other person. And the boys that are unafraid of such girls and unafraid of their own instincts, all who have escaped in any

degree from the rigidity and prissiness of our once national religion of negation, owe a debt to Isadora Duncan's dancing. It is impossible, of course, to distinguish here the cause from the effect. She rode the wave of the revolt against Puritanism; she rode it, and with her fame and Dionysian raptures drove it on.

She *was* — perhaps it is simplest to say — the crest of the wave, an event not only in art, but in the history of life.



Yellow Aryans

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A Case Against the Critics

A NEW young playwright, Alexander Greendale, recently had his first play, *Walk into My Parlor*, produced in New York. With very slight exception, my critical colleagues fell upon him and gave him an unmerciful beating. They called him bad names, heaped ridicule on him, derided him as an impostor and wrote of him generally as if he were an outlaw, guilty of most of the heinous crimes known to man. The poor kid unquestionably cringed under their bitter stings and it will be a wonder if he is not too discouraged to proceed further with any play-writing.

What brought down my colleagues' wrath on the boy? I will not ironically reply with what happens to be my own personal and contrary critical opinion, to wit, that he had written a play which, for all its unmistakable deficiencies, was an honest, intelligent, propulsive, and here and there even meritorious one. For, after all, as the choicer numskulls are frequently given to contend, that is only one

man's opinion, an argument which — carrying it to a much loftier level than that occupied by your present humble commentator — would logically dismiss as pretty dubious the critical canons of a lot of such vain individuals as Aristotle, Diderot, Schlegel, Hazlitt and Bernard Shaw. What apparently brought down the greater part of that wrath was the youngster's periodic imitation of — or at least patterning his writing after — the work of Clifford Odets.

That the youngster seemingly did so admire Odets that his play intermittently took on an Odets flavor was perfectly true. But that this influence, obvious as it was, corrupted his play to its complete undoing was very far from true. Some plays have been similarly inspired by the work of other dramatists and it certainly hasn't hurt them in the least. O'Neill has publicly acknowledged his debt to Strindberg; Synge publicly acknowledged his to Yeats; Gorki privately acknowledged his, though with some reluctance, to Tolstoi.

It is not a matter of influence or even of imitation so much as it is a matter of what in paradoxical independence comes out of it. Young Greendale's play, for all its Odetsism, had something of its own.

What I am getting at, however, is the often careless cruelty of many of the critics in the case of beginning playwrights. A sufficient number of the latter deserve all they get, God knows, and full credit to the critics for giving it to them. But there are others like this young Greendale who do not deserve it and who possibly, in receiving it, are disheartened from continuing to try to serve an American drama that might one day conceivably profit from them. If the mere fact of imitation were sufficient permanently to consign a novice playwright to the dump, Robert Sherwood would be there now, and long forgotten, on the score of his imitation of Shaw in *The Road to Rome*. Elmer Rice would properly have been cast aside by the critics in the case of his *The Adding Machine*, an imitation of the German Expressionists, Kaiser and Hasenclever. John Howard Lawson and his similarly inspired *Processional* would very rightly have been hooted into the wastebasket in toto. And the Odets for imitation of whom young Greendale has been sent to Coven-

try would himself have been dispatched to the same place long ago for attempted imitation of Chekhov.

And what of Irwin Shaw, whose *Bury the Dead* stemmed from Hans Chlumberg's *Miracle at Verdun*? And Ben Hecht, whose *The Egoist* was patterned after the French boulevard writers? And young Lynn Riggs, whose *Big Lake* was doubtless inspired by Robinson Jeffers? And of other such beginners? That the critics in some of these cases were unaware of the influences behind the plays or of the imitations and praised the plays only makes the situation more pointed. Perhaps the harsh criticism on the part of the majority of the boys of Saroyan's initial *My Heart's in the Highlands* found its basis in the circumstance that the play was not comfortingly and assuagingly an imitation of anything.

The earliest efforts of playwrights often give no, or at best faint, indication of their future competences. Ibsen's *Katilina* didn't even vaguely hint of the coming Henrik. Strindberg's *Master Olof* didn't remotely suggest the possibilities of the future Strindberg. Echegaray's *Folly or Saintliness*, Brieux's *Artists' Households*, Hervieu's *Les Paroles Restent*, Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, Chekhov's *Iva*

nov, Wedekind's *The Concert Singer*, Schnitzler's *The Fable*, Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Yesterday*, Becque's *Michel Pauper*, Heijerman's *Dora Kremer*—none of them was indicative of the genius to come. O'Neill's five short plays gathered together in *Thirst*, written in 1913-1914, nowhere in any of them presaged the O'Neill that was someday to bloom.

II

Young Greendale has abundant company in puppy playwrights whose talents have been contemptuously snooted into heartbreak by biting and, I privilege myself to believe, undiscerning, ill-proportioned, shallow and often ignorant criticism. William Bowers, whose play of life in a little midwestern college was beautifully acute in its observation and collateral humor, was one such. Lucille S. Prumbs, whose *Five Alarm Waltz*, dealing with the eccentricities of Saroyan, was periodically fruity with a saucy humor, and Francis Swann, whose comedy *Out of the Frying Pan*, dealing with boys and girls trying to get a start in the theatre, was frequently first-rate lampooning, were both of them last season given the works by most of the critics. Joseph M. Viertel

was treated a bit more kindly in the case of his *So Proudly We Hail*, but with not enough deserved generosity to keep him from writing me a sincerely modest letter with an awful lot of discouragement and heartache between the lines. And Henry R. Misrock, with a play, *Bright Honor*, equally commendable at many points for a similar study of life in a boys' military school, didn't fare half so well as Viertel.

The list is longer than one would prefer. Raymond Knight's *Run Sheep Run*, a defective comedy but one that nevertheless had a number of points in its favor, was for the greater part treated as if it were a case of typhoid, and Knight told off as if he were Typhoid Mary. Dorrance Davis, whose *A Lady in Love* was a witty comedy in the Restoration manner, was sneered into the ash can. Louis Bromfield, who ventured into the theatre with *De Luxe*, a weak play but one frequently and independently remarkable for the accuracy of its character drawing, was killed off on the spot by criticism which confused naturally foul character with foul dramatic purpose. Arthur Wilmurt, though in *Young Couple Wanted* he wrote a better play than Elmer Rice's directly antecedent *Two on an Island*, was made so to

suffer for the mere accident of production time and was treated in such fashion that he despairfully took to the woods. Sylvia Regan, whose *Morning Star* contained much of sound character delineation and considerable sound humor, got short shrift from the critics, who permitted the moments of hokum in the play to blind them to its other assets. And these are only a few out of the many who in past seasons, near and far, have felt the welts of the whip.

I am not, to repeat, here arguing for a blanket tenderness in the critical consideration of beginning playwrights. No one has been tougher than I in dealing with those who very plainly have no competence and no one will continue to be tougher, to the length even of the guillotine. For only that way may the theatre be served. But it does seem to me that the ax is in other cases a rather indiscriminating selection of instruments and that — allowing even for difference of critical opinion and allowing even still further that the critics' judgment may not be altogether faulty — some less mortal tool might be more appropriate, more considerate and certainly a whole lot more called for.

When we consider the other side of the picture, the tolerant side, the

point I, of all people, make seems all the more permissible. For it is pretty hard to figure out just how and why the critics arrive at their occasional dispensations of polite charity. And it is still harder to figure out why they visit them on certain novice playwrights at the expense and pain of others, many of them more deserving of alms. This charity generally takes two forms. One is the allowance that the new playwright shows "promise." The other is that he "should with more experience go far." Let's see how it has worked.

III

A young writer, Frank Gabrielson, lately had a play, *The Days of Our Youth*, produced in New York. Though properly finding fault with it and even roasting it to a turn, some of the critics nevertheless generously let the author down as a playwright of considerable promise. Yet *The Days of Our Youth* was written by Gabrielson three years ago and since its belated production had — the aforesaid critics apparently overlooked — been preceded by a play written only last year, to wit, *The More the Merrier*; which these same critics flayed as being utterly worthless. Is that the "promise" they wrote of?

There are all kinds of further confounding and rather embarrassing examples. Among many other beginning playwrights peculiarly blessed by the critics with either "unmistakable promise" or the potential ability to "go far" have been such as Charl Armstrong, who recently followed her meager *The Happiest Days* with the rubbish called *Ring Around Elizabeth*; Edward Chodorov, who progressed from *Wonder Boy*, after the dramatization of another's novel, to the trashy *Cue for Passion*; Albert Bein, who after *Little Ol' Boy* didn't get half way 'round the block; and Gretchen Damrosch Finletter, whose plays went progressively from bad to worse.

There have been, too, Melvin Levy, who followed up his *Gold Eagle Guy* with the claptrap called *A House in the Country*; and Lynn Starling, who after *Meet the Wife* slowly mounted to the climactic balderdash called *Beverly Hills*; and George S. Brooks, who hit the chute on all fours after *Spread Eagle*; and Milton Lazarus, who magnificently deteriorated to his last season's *Every Man for Himself*; and a fat parcel of others like Martin Flavin, Reginald Lawrence, Norman Krasna, Allan Scott and Lawrence Riley. And, incidentally, what has become of Norman Ros-

ten who — upon the revelation of his *First Stop to Heaven*, which was not only a wretchedly bad play but, further incidentally, a feeble imitation of Saroyan with undertones of Odets — was raptly hailed by a number of the critics as being fuller of rich promise than an actors' agent?

All this gets down, in a way, to the eternal problem that besets journalistic theatrical criticism. That problem is how adroitly to interpret mere reporting in the higher terms of drama criticism. It is, obviously, a difficult problem and the solution is far from easy. Popular taste, that incubus, must somehow be in the critic's subconscious, yet his conscious mind must deftly pretend that it is not. The non-journalistic critic may have as his basic operating principle a catholic taste yet a unitarian standard, but the journalistic critic, while he must because of his heterogeneous public have the catholic taste, must further and haplessly convert the unitarian standard into something rather more Swedenborgian and even Mormon.

The modern journalistic critic who would have, say, the Greeks as his sole critical god would be back covering fires within a week. And rightly. The public may be damned, but it must nevertheless

be served and to serve it, its own standards must, however gallingly, be borne steadily in mind.

Is it possible, though, that what I am saying is carrying coals to Newcastle? Do not the critics in question already know it? It would seem so from the record. How otherwise could be explained

the rapturous reviews accorded such recent assuredly popular yet critically dubious things as *Junior Miss* and, on the other hand, the acescent ones accorded such recent assuredly unpopular yet critically and relatively reputable things as Greendale's *Walk into My Parlor*?



ARTHUR SZYK
N.Y. DECEMBER 1941.

CATCHING SPIES

BY FREDERIC SONDERN, JR.

THE United States used to be the spy's paradise. The Gestapo agent, the Comintern agitator and the cameraman of the Japanese Intelligence Service roamed the country at will under the benevolent protection of the State Department, which wished no one to be offended. It is a paradise no longer. Mr. Hoover's FBI, General Miles' Military Intelligence Division and Admiral Stark's Office of Naval Intelligence have built, in a remarkably short time, organizations whose scientific methods, personnel and efficiency are already more than a match for the dictators' emissaries. And our men are doing their jobs well without the brutality and without the terrible witch-hunting of innocent people which has scourged the authoritarian countries.

Within the past year, the counter-espionage branch of the Federal Bureau of Investigation pulled off one of the most ingenious coups in the whole history of the spy business. Early in 1940, the Gestapo had picked up one William Sebold, a naturalized American who was

on a visit to his family in Germany. He had been a German machine-gunner in the last war. The Nazis stole his passport and made it clear he would not be allowed to leave the Reich unless he entered their service. Sebold finally agreed and was sent to Berlin for the rigorous training with which the Gestapo equipped its agents. He was then ordered to return to the United States and set up a short-wave radio station which was to be the main clearing point for information on the movement of British ships, on American rearmament and other matters of interest to the German High Command. Sebold turned out to be a better American than Nazi, however. He worked for the FBI.

He set up a radio transmitter as directed, in a quiet house in Centerport, Long Island. But it was run by two G-men. For over a year, they were in almost daily touch with a Gestapo station near Hamburg, using the elaborate code which Sebold had been given. They found out what the Ger-

man government wanted to know about our army, navy and industries. They fed the High Command with much creditable but misleading nonsense, and obtained a clear picture of the Nazi espionage organization in this country. The Gestapo never suspected that anything was wrong. In the meanwhile, Sebold led the FBI men from one German agent to the next. The Nazis who came to visit him in his office were photographed from a neighboring room by a concealed movie camera, their conversations recorded by a dictaphone. They were shadowed day and night while they made contact with other agents. Finally, last June, the FBI's case was complete. In one well-coordinated sweep, thirty-three men and women — the backbone of the Nazi espionage system — were arrested. The Gestapo's American section was knocked out.

More recently, on the fateful Sunday of Pearl Harbor, many Japanese who could have made trouble with sabotage were under lock and key within a few hours. And when the war declarations arrived from Berlin and Rome, most of the German and Italian agents whom the FBI had left on the loose as a lead to others were soon behind bars. That was in the newspapers. Not in the papers were the opera-

tions of the Military Intelligence Division and the Office of Naval Intelligence. They never are, until a war is over. But then they will make good reading. There are spies and saboteurs left, of course. No country, let alone the United States with its large percentage of foreign born, can be entirely cleansed of them. But they are going to have a tough time from now on.

Spy-catching is the most difficult type of police work there is. It requires not only experience, courage and an infinite patience — which any good detective must have — but a broad knowledge as well of foreign peoples, their languages, mentality and peculiarities. Above all, the counter-espionage agent must have a peculiar knack which lets him quickly weed out the witch-hunters from among the earnest citizens who are his informants. For every day, a vast flood of mail, telephone calls and visitors deluges the field offices of the FBI and the other agencies.

Mrs. Smith writes that there is a German, a Mr. Schultz, in her neighborhood who always carries a camera and takes long walks over the countryside. She points out that there is a city aqueduct near her home and two important bridges. Mr. Schultz has been seen taking pictures of them.

Mr. Jones communicates with the FBI by telephone. There is a tavern opposite his house which is operated by an Italian. Although no Italians live in the neighborhood, there is always a group of them in the rear of the establishment. They seem to use the telephone a lot, they act furtively, and keep disappearing by way of a private staircase which leads to rooms on the second floor. Once or twice, he has heard shouts of *Eviva Mussolini!* from upstairs, and a gramophone playing the Fascist anthem. Mr. Jones urges an investigation.

Mrs. O'Brien comes to the field office herself. She tells the agent who interviews her that she is a cleaning woman in a big office building downtown and works from nine in the evening until five in the morning. In a loft building across the street is a printing shop. They often work late at night, behind drawn blinds. That was the first thing, she says, that struck her as peculiar. Then, a few nights before — she tells the agent — the draft of an open window kept blowing one of the shades sideways and whenever it did, she could see in. Most of the men working looked like Germans — big, with bull necks and close-cropped hair like her butcher's. And she noticed before they closed up the

shop for the night that they emptied the trash-baskets into a pile which they put into a big stove and burned. She had seen spies do that in the movies once. And so, with all this talk of spies around, she had decided to tell the FBI about it. The agent takes down all the details and thanks her very much.

II

The field office has received a sheaf of other tips, inevitably including one or more from agitated ladies who have seen mysterious strangers signalling with flashlights from roof-tops to German U-boats in the harbor. But from the pile, these three seem to the agent-in-charge to be the likeliest for investigation. He assigns the necessary agents.

Mr. Schultz, the photographer, is processed through the files — a tremendous collection of information on all alien and domestic suspects in the country which is one of the FBI's most important counter-espionage weapons. Mr. Ehrich Schultz, now of White Plains, is a refugee from Vienna who was imprisoned in a concentration camp for six months before he, his wife and three children were allowed to leave for the United States. There is nothing against him. But there have been fake refugees, complete

with records and proof of internment by the Gestapo, and even equipped with scars of whippings. An agent goes to White Plains. He consults the local police, the local mail carrier, the owner of the shop where Mr. Schultz has his photographs developed, and finally Mr. Schultz himself. The agent satisfies himself that Mr. Schultz is a harmless, elderly gentleman who photographs flowers, rarely sees anyone but his family, receives very little mail, is utterly uninterested in politics, cannot quite understand why the Nazis put him in jail and hates them for it, and is not a spy. Mr. Schultz's name stays in the records just in case, but he is not bothered again and goes his way in peace.

Signor Benito Ricco, the tavern proprietor, proves to be much less harmless than Mr. Schultz. The files turn up quite a bit of unfavorable information. He was once arrested for felonious assault and set free by a political judge of questionable honesty. With the coming of Mussolini, he joined the New York Fascio and was active in getting money and support for the Duce's cause. He made a few trips to Italy and was given a Fascist decoration. Recently, according to the record, he had dropped out of sight. The agent who goes up to Signor Ricco's tavern every night

for a drink and bite finds that Mr. Jones' report was substantially correct. There are suspicious-looking Italians hanging around and the place reeks of conspiracy. The agent-in-charge orders a surveillance. Signor Ricco's telephone is tapped, he and his friends are shadowed wherever they go, their contacts and haunts are discovered and investigated. A case is born and the FBI begins to get scientific.

Somewhere along the telephone line that runs from Ricco's tavern to his exchange, the telephone company — on a court order — splices in a wire which leads to an FBI listening post in an untenanted apartment or loft. Whenever Ricco is called or uses his telephone, a light flashes at the listening post and the agent on duty presses the switch that starts the dictaphone which records the conversation. Recorded conversations are not admitted as evidence in court, but they usually horrify the guilty man so thoroughly that he confesses. Signor Ricco hears no click or buzz on his line when he speaks — the cutting-in devices are carefully designed — and continues to say his mind over the phone as usual.

Meanwhile, a shadowing system has been set up. "Tailing" is the toughest job in the business, the most boring and the most difficult.

It is strictly not for amateurs. Somewhere near Ricco's tavern there will always be a car with two men in it. If Ricco, or one of his friends, leaves by car, the FBI men will roll after it. If he should go on foot, one of the G-men casually says goodbye to his "friend," gets out of the car and takes up the "tail," also on foot. And here the shadowing begins to get tricky. The trained spy is taught how to find out whether he is being followed. He uses various ruses at intervals just to check up, and from force of habit. He gets on a car in the subway, for example. Just as the door is closing, he puts his foot in its way. The door opens again, automatically, and he steps back onto the platform. If anyone else on the train does the same, he can be fairly sure that someone is after him. Office buildings are perfect bolt-holes also. The suspect takes an elevator to any floor he happens to think of. Then he stands in front of the directory of that floor, preferably with a notebook or letter in hand, apparently trying to figure out what office he is supposed to go to. The shadower must somehow, while the suspect ponders, manage to disappear. The suspect quickly pushes both the "up" and "down" buttons, and dives into the first car that arrives.

If someone bowls around the corner, and, without so much as a glance at the arrows which indicate the direction of that elevator, dives in after him, he will be inclined to try the final trick, which is a large public lavatory with several exits. The chicaneries possible there are limitless and need no explanation. The FBI has answers to all of these, compiled in neat books from vast experience by the painstaking men in Washington who train the G-men. Even the Gestapo could learn from them — the German technique in this art is relatively crude.

But after several months of this type of work on Ricco and his associates, the agent-in-charge concludes that there is nothing really sinister in the Italian's design. His telephone conversations, his friends and their friends, show no trace of contact with the Italian espionage system, and indicate that Ricco is pretty well fed up with Italy and Il Duce. He holds meetings to encourage his companions to drink and spend their money at Ricco's Tavern. That's about all there is to it. He might, however, at some future date, be approached by the Italian intelligence service, and would then become dangerous. So the FBI institutes an "open file." Signor Ricco will be investigated

from time to time to see whether he should be reclassified.

III

In the meanwhile, Mrs. O'Brien's printing shop has developed into a case of the first order. Initial inquiries by the police, whose veteran precinct patrolmen and detectives do much of the FBI's spade-work, reveal that it belongs to an old Norwegian who makes greeting cards and commercial folders. His employes are all German, as Mrs. O'Brien correctly deduced, but they are all naturalized American citizens with clean records, according to the files. He has a sound business and he pays his taxes honestly and promptly. The telephone tap has brought nothing but perfectly legitimate business conversations. The employes have been shadowed, but have been guilty of nothing more than periodic visits to Yorkville beer-halls where they sat with innocuous friends. But the agent-in-charge can't get it out of his mind that Mrs. O'Brien saw them burning the contents of their trash-baskets. He knows that somewhere in his area there is a printing plant turning out seditious pamphlets which are being distributed to army camps. The Military Intelligence Division has informed him of

that. And the Office of Naval Intelligence has found a few forged passes which have admitted saboteurs to dockyards and arsenals. They were printed with the same font of type as some of the pamphlets. The agent-in-charge has a hunch.

The first move is to contact the superintendent of the loft building. He is checked and watched until the FBI is sure that he is reliable. An agent plies him with beer. Yes, there are some funny things about that printing shop, he confides. One man always sleeps there at night. They don't let anybody beyond the front office that they don't know. And they have all sorts of elaborate photographic equipment. The agent is not impressed, but finally the Superintendent says something that makes his ears go up. "They do a big business with army camps, evidently." He was cleaning near the door of the parcel room once and heard them talking as they made up bundles of papers. "This one is for Camp Dix, that one's for McClellan," and so on.

That report clinches the suspicion of the agent-in-charge. He knows now that he is onto a big case. And he knows that from here on he must move with infinite caution. The chief of such a big sub-

versive plant will be an important Nazi, and will lead the FBI to other important Nazis. If their method of distributing the seditious literature can be exposed, not only will their inter-office communications, but also their contacts within the army be laid bare. The A-in-C knows also that one false step by one agent will set off an alarm which will make the whole Nazi organization fade into the night, only to spring up somewhere else. So the FBI gets really scientific.

In the laboratory of the Department of Justice in Washington, Director Hoover has gathered a group of the finest criminological scientists in the world. And they have developed methods and devices which are a match for anything the Gestapo has in its arsenal. There are tiny microphones which can be hidden almost anywhere, with minute and almost invisible wires that can be dropped from the window of the suspect's room and fished in on a lower floor. There are powerful stethoscopic microphones which can pick up a whisper on the other side of a fairly thick wall. There are automatic recording machines, self-contained dictaphones made to look like a brief case, which run on batteries. If one of these is left, accidentally on purpose, in the room of a sus-

pect, it will take down on its mechanism every word that is spoken for twenty-four hours.

Those are only a few of the tools that the counter-espionage agent learns how to use. There are many others which are well-guarded secrets. His scientific tricks, also, are legion.

Back in the Norwegian's print shop, the agent-in-charge has begun to set up his apparatus. A "telephone inspector" has managed to install a microphone in a bell-box of a telephone in the composing room. Every word spoken in that room goes to the earphones of an agent stationed in an untenanted loft a few floors above. Postal inspectors check every incoming and outgoing letter. In the office building across the street is an agent, well hidden, with a pair of powerful binoculars and a telescopic camera. The drawn blinds defeat him at night, but he is busy during the day. On the street itself are echelons of shadows. Everyone that leaves the shop is followed. And as soon as one pair of "tailers" moves off after a suspect, a second rolls up to cover the next. By this time, twenty agents or more may be involved in the job.

Mistakes and disappointments are inevitable and harrowing. Just as the print shop owner is about to

meet his Nazi higher-up, he pulls off the subway trick and the agents following him must "drop the tail." It may take weeks and months to make contact again, but the agents must not jeopardize the whole case by a rash move which will excite suspicion.

Finally the case is complete. The associates of the man who runs the shop have been found. The microphones have revealed that the printers are members of a secret Nazi organization which is sending subversive literature into the army camps. The route of their distribution, the German-owned trucking line that transports them, the method of their distribution in the camps have been uncovered by cooperation with the Military Intelligence Division. Sufficient evidence for an open and shut case has been gathered. The FBI is almost pedantic about that. In the Sebold case, mentioned earlier in this article, they arranged their hidden camera so that it would take, in the background of the plotters, a clear picture of a calendar and a clock — thus setting the time and day, for the later benefit of a jury. And early one morning, the FBI's favorite time, a fleet of cars fan out from the field office. The homes of all those to be arrested have been "cased" — studied in case of pos-

sible resistance or attempt at flight. And the agents know where to go. At exactly the same time, the Military Intelligence Division strikes in the camps, where it has exclusive jurisdiction, and the print shop case is over — except for a quick trial which ends in conviction on all counts.

Three years ago, the counter-subversive branch of the FBI was a mere handful of inexperienced operatives who were the laughing-stock of every foreign agent in the country. Trained to deal with the American underworld, they had little knowledge of the technique and the trained skill of the Gestapo's and the Comintern's experts. The Military Intelligence Division of the War Department and the Office of Naval Intelligence were frowned on by the Brass Hats in Washington who regarded their officers as "snoopers" and restricted their personnel to a bare minimum. The intelligence system of the State Department consisted of one, rather decrepit man. They have all come a long way in those three years, despite the indifference of Congress and of the people themselves up to only a few months ago. Now, the country should be grateful. FBI men and Intelligence officers never get medals. But they certainly deserve them.

THE YELLOW RIBBON

A Story

BY WARNER GRAHAM

MARYLEE rocked slowly on the shaded gallery, watching the road. The still air was hot enough to stifle you. A big bluebottle fly lit on her bare foot; instinctively her toes twitched and the fly zanged off toward the uncovered garbage bucket. The bed inside the open window creaked as Lew writhed for comfort on the shuck mattress and Marylee ceased rocking, listening half fearfully for further movement. Lew snored again and she relaxed. At the army camp a mile and more down the road soldiers didn't drill on Sundays and if Willie Ray showed up when Lew was roused . . . A swift petulance thinned her lips and she began rocking slowly, as a flock of crows swirled, screaming madly, into the big live-oak south of the house.

"Ma'lee?" The thinly nasal voice was irritable. "Them black devils purely rag a man to death. Reckon I'll be bound to lay my gun on 'em."

Bare feet angrily slapped the floor and fright brought Marylee

out of the chair, the tight skin strained about her faded eyes, her roughened fingers fluttering mechanically over the yellow cotton dress, only a shade brighter than her stringy hair. If Willie showed up while Lew had his gun . . .

"It's a Sunday!" she said shrilly. "Ain't you goan to fool at your still like you always do?"

The checked door frame seemed shrunken as Lew Murdock stood there in patched overalls. Stooped, dull-eyed, his thick tongue working the wad of snuff behind his flabby lip across his gaunt, stubble-covered jaw, he spat across the porch. Sand fried the moisture with a little hiss.

"You expectin' — company?"

"Had a hankerin' to git into somethin' had some color in it," she said swiftly. "Cain't tell who all might come along."

He looked off toward the big oak, at the crows racketing there, then down the sun-baked road. His big hands dangled lifelessly.

"Ain't been no soldiers on the road today," he stated dully. "Figured on maybe to sell a jug or two."

"You ought to start runnin' that mash you been talkin' about." She tried to tone her voice with an interest she didn't feel in his sly, lawless business of peddling whiskey at the army camp. "You keep sayin' them boys could use more'n you been carryin' 'em up to now."

"That's so." He turned away, back into the sweltering room and she heard the gun butt scrape the floor. "I'll fright them crows. Learn 'em a lesson. Them buggers rag a man so's he cain't think straight."

He crossed the porch, stepped off, head twisted upward, and circled warily toward the oak. Watching him sneak up on the tree, hearing the black devils scattering acorns to the ground, suddenly she thought she'd scream. She ran into the house. The heat was soggy, pressed on her head; it did unaccountable, queer things to a person. She fell across the bed, peering through the window just over the checked sill. If Lew guessed Willie had been there, he'd shoot him like he'd shoot a crow. Since the first time a month back that Willie had come when Lew was absent, he'd returned only at night and Sunday

on her assurance that her husband would be in the hammock fooling with his still. Lew knew Willie, sold him liquor at the camp; but he couldn't know Willie had been here. Lew had an unreasonable way, however, of guessing at things.

II

But Willie might not show up. Abruptly, inconsistently, Marylee hoped that he would show up. Her body tingled — and suddenly she remembered the yellow ribbon. Jerking off the bed she ran to the old rocker and pulled the bright silk from where she'd kept it hid underneath the frayed cushion. On the bed again she held it to her breast. It would look pretty on her hair, Willie had told her, but she'd feared to try it. She glanced slyly out the window. The man had stopped dead still, the gun coming to his shoulder. The shot rang out and she grabbed her breath. And the crows screamed madly, streaking over the ragged slash pine, two of them falling through the leaves, bouncing against the twisted limbs to thump the ground.

"Got two black devils!" came the man's triumphant shout. "That'll learn 'em!"

Between her worn, scarred fingers the ribbon was slick, soft, wonder-

ful-feeling and she pressed it to her hot, full throat. Willie had bought it for her in town and given it to her. Blood suffused her neck, her shoulders, beat through her forehead and she closed her eyes to retain the glowing sensation. Willie hadn't kissed her. She'd wanted him to kiss her. But he hadn't — only held tightly to her hand like he was lonesome, as lonesome as she'd been these six years in the scrub. She couldn't ever have imagined that it would be so drear, so deadly, when she married Lew. She'd found out. She would have let Willie kiss her, squeeze her — have let him . . . Suddenly she could hardly stand thinking about it. But she couldn't seem to think of anything else.

"Them black devils —" Silently he had come into the room. His little eyes dilated. "What's that there you got?"

"Just — old ribbon."

For a breath he didn't speak, but reached a hand for the ribbon, as though he hadn't come on it yesterday beneath the cushion and allowed it to bedevil him into staying home today. She held it defiantly to her breast.

"Hand it to me."

At the dangerous calmness of his voice, she pushed slowly off the bed and gave it to him with reluctance.

He fingered it, squinting with his shadowed eyes.

"Mighty purty — mighty fine." At last he handed it back to her. "Be mighty purty tied round your head."

Her fingers tightened, shook. But he hadn't asked where she'd got it and her eyes flicked, whip-like, over his dull face. Stepping to the broken mirror above the basin on the water-shelf, she brashly lifted her thin hair, pulled the ribbon around her head, tied a loose knot at the side. It changed her, brightened her, livened her features, made her different; her flat breast heaved with an incredible yearning. Impulsively she turned, but he had stepped outside to sit on the gallery with the gun across his thighs.

"Some cooler outside," he said.

She was almost happy now. She dabbed white from the floursack on her cheeks, smoothed it, drew a moistened forefinger down the crimson edge of the feedstore calendar and touched her lips. Even the squalid room seemed different, exciting suddenly.

"Yes, sir," he said, staring off, as she went outside and began to rock. "Learned them black devils a lesson. Some critters is hard to learn."

Weed pods crackled loudly under

the burning sun and a man came striding down the road. Marylee stopped rocking. She jerked a glance at Lew, who slumped there with the gun across his thighs. He caught her glance and swung his look to the approaching man.

It was a soldier. He was short, but thick-shouldered, his khaki shirt stained with sweat, his flat cap pushed back on his brown hair. As he came toward them, to halt at the gallery's edge, his heavy shoes stirred little swirls of dust.

"Howdy Lew, and ma'am," he said. "Mighty hot today."

Murdock nodded. "This here's Mr. Ray, Ma'lee. He's took a jug or two I carried to camp offen my hands. Told him to come visitin' air time he run short."

"They don't drill us on a Sunday," Willie said. "I aimed to carry a gallon back — you got it to spare."

"I got it."

Lew stood the gun against the wall and his glance went slowly past Marylee, who rocked back and forth deliberately as he went into the house. He couldn't know that Willie had been there before, had brought her the yellow ribbon. As the back screen door slapped shut, Willie stared uneasily at her — at her whitened cheeks, crimsoned lips, at the ribbon on her hair. She

giggled softly, her eyes pleased and glowing with an inner boldness. Her full lips formed "Tonight?" in a soundless whisper and Willie, glancing swiftly through the doorway, nodded, a restrained, half-frightened pleasure in his eyes.

"Mr. Murdock kilt two crows," Marylee said loudly, "tryin' to learn 'em to quit clutterin' that oak."

"Yes, ma'am. Ought to rig up a scarecrow — like I had a couple on my farm up Geo'gia to keep 'em off my corn. Git lonesome for my farm sometimes." He looked up as Murdock carried out a dark-filled glass jug and tin cup. "Might be you could dangle something colorful to them bottom branches to scare the buggers off," he said.

Murdock poured the liquor with deliberation, handed the cup to Willie. "Got a new jug for you to carry back."

Willie drank. As Murdock glanced at Marylee, a giggle trickled from her throat.

"Too heatin' on a person, straight out thataway. I'll take some with a mite of water." She crossed the porch, the room, to dip the cup half full from the dented bucket, and glancing swiftly in the mirror, hurried out again. "Whiskey always goes straight to my head, somehow."

"Mighty pretty ribbon you got there," Willie said offhandedly. "Fits up mighty near with that yellor dress."

"Carried it out to her from town." Taking the cup from Marylee, Murdock poured his drink. "Mighty lonesome for a woman, not havin' nobody to show off purties to," he said. "But Ma'lee don't have many purties to show off."

He drank slowly, relishing the act and for a breath Marylee's uncertain stare hung on him. Willie swallowed.

"This dog heat pours pure sweat offen me," said Murdock, casually. "Don't rightly see how you can stand that ribbon, Ma'lee — tight 'round your head. It's showin' wet a'ready."

Reaching up, she got quickly to her feet. "I'll just loosen my hair outen it."

III

She unknotted the ribbon, standing before the mirror, smoothed it, stretched it out, but could discover no damp spots. Her eyes thinned and she glanced outside. Lew hadn't carried the ribbon to her — Willie had. She stared into the mirror, her cheeks pallid suddenly. She rubbed them clean, smeared her

lips. Laying the ribbon carefully beside the basin, she went outside.

"Might be cooler yonder — under the trees," Murdock said. "A breeze hits down the road. Y'll want to wander, go ahead. I'll set here."

She couldn't look at him, and yet she had to see his face. But he couldn't know, sending them off alone that way. Stepping off the porch, squinting in the sunlight, she turned swiftly. Lew had twisted around to lift the gun across his lap.

"Could maybe wander toward the creek," she said.

Murdock watched them cross the clearing, then glanced at the big live oak. Steadying the gun on his lap he smeared his wide mouth with a hairy wrist and lifted the jug. He drank slowly, worriedly. How was a man to know?

Swiftly, before trees hid the cabin, Marylee looked back. Lew sat there motionless. Sand was cool beneath her feet and a vagrant breeze crept through the scrub. Willie stopped.

"How come he said he carried that ribbon to you?" he queried anxiously. "It was me give you that ribbon."

Marylee glanced concernedly at his worried face and took his hand. The palm of it was wet with sweat.

"You reckon he suspects anything?"

She said defensively, "Ain't nothin' to suspect. You sure you'll make it tonight? He'll be at the still early."

"I can make it," Willie said. "You sure he don't —"

A gun shot blasted the still air. They whirled. Willie jerked his hand away and Marylee started running. She stopped dead, Willie panting up beside her.

"Likely he's just shootin' at them crows!" Marylee laughed raggedly. "Figures he can learn 'em. We best to walk back slow." As they stepped from under the trees, she whispered defiantly, "I'll be on the camp road at eight."

Murdock was moving toward the house from the big oak, a little unsteady on his feet. He went inside and reappeared with a full gallon jug.

"Them devils come back!" he said angrily. "Got me one more!

Some critters need shootin' to learn a thing!"

Willie took the jug, handed over a dollar bill and Murdock shoved it into his pocket.

"Got plenty more," he said. "Don't figure on runnin' any for a spell. I'll be to camp in three-four days and look you up."

"Sure," said Willie. He didn't look at Marylee. "It's mighty hot."

Murdock stepped off the porch. "Figured maybe you was right," he said, with abrupt, abnormal violence. "Hung them dead devils to a limb. Seein' what might could happen to them'll maybe scare them others off."

Willie moved away and Marylee saw him hesitate, then continue quickly. She caught a bright flutter from the big live oak beside the road. Her breath stopped in her throat. The three dead crows dangled, heads down, from the lowest branch, their feet knotted to the limb with ragged strips of yellow silk.



CAPITALISM: the pelt of the squirrel belongs to the owner of the tree. Communism and fascism: the pelt belongs to the hunter. Utopia: it belongs to the squirrel. — MAX NOMAD

TAKE VITAMINS THE NATURAL WAY

BY IAGO GALDSTON, M.D.

THE greatest achievement of present-day medicine is rapidly becoming the sport of quacks and the rich bonanza of the nostrum vendors. Vitamins, practically unknown twenty-five years ago, are today figuratively and literally on every man's tongue. The public swallows hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of vitamin concentrates in the earnest belief that thereby it fortifies its vitality, retains its youth, promotes its vim and vigor, improves its fertility, keeps the color of its hair, and holds "that girlish complexion." The distressing part of this state of affairs lies as much in the corruption of the public's understanding of the significance and importance of vitamins in the diet, as in the waste of money and in the false sense of security that goes with so much of the "counter prescription" of vitamins. There is but one redeeming feature to this latest exploitation of medicine's achievements, and that is, self dosing with vitamins is not likely to be physically injurious. In this respect it differs

from the nostrum vendors' exploitation of drugs and gland products.

At the present time vitamins seem to the larger part of the public like "old stuff." The sensations of the day are the sulfa drugs. One cannot justly disparage the significance of the newer developments in the chemical treatment of infectious diseases. These chemical compounds have enabled us to fight death's doings with an effectiveness never before possible. Yet it must be appreciated that whereas the sulfa compounds are useful only in the treatment and in the prevention, under restricted conditions, of infections, the vitamins, properly used, nourish the very roots of health and well-being. In the discovery and development of the sulfa compounds, medicine has extended one of its therapeutic instruments — the treatment of infectious diseases with chemical agents. In the discovery of the vitamins, however, medicine has experienced a profound revolution, the ultimate effects of which will

not become fully evident for perhaps another generation.

Most of us still think of the vitamins as the miraculous substances which, in minute quantities, can cure scurvy, rickets, beriberi, and a host of other diseases that for centuries baffled the best brains in medicine. The discovery of the vitamins, however, has afforded us more than miraculous cures. It has revealed most significant facts about nutrition, and these facts, enabling us to promote optimum growth, development and health, are worth a thousand cures.

The treatment of infectious diseases with chemicals is a science more than 400 years old. Paracelsus, the four hundredth anniversary of whose death is celebrated this year, was among the first to use chemicals in this way. But the idea that there are in foods certain substances which, though present in very minute quantities, are essential to life, was totally unknown before 1906.

Their discovery came about through the study of disease, but their greatest significance lies in the realm of normal nutrition. F. Gowland Hopkins, the illustrious English biochemist who shared with the Hollander, Eijkman, the Nobel prize for the discovery of the vitamins, called them the accessory

food factors. They were accessory to the then known food elements, namely sugars, fats, proteins, and mineral substances. This name, however, did not "catch." When the Polish scientist Casimir Funk, in 1911, called the accessory food factors *vitamines*, they were christened with the name that has stuck to them since. In some ways this name was unfortunate. "Vitamin" is compounded out of the words *vita* — the Latin for "life," — and "amine," which is the chemical name of a class of compounds derived from ammonia. While it can be granted that the vitamins are essential to life, they are no more so than scores of other substances. The body can stand vitamin deprivation far longer than it can oxygen deprivation. Again, the vitamins do not belong to the amine class of compounds. This was promptly noticed, and for that reason the term is now written without the final "e" which appeared in Funk's original word.

The discovery of the vitamins, as we said, came about through the study of diseases. Eijkman was the first to demonstrate that feeding rice polishings (*pericarp*) to sufferers from beriberi, cured them of that devastating malady. Later it was shown that cod-liver oil cures rickets, and orange juice cures

scurvy. At first it seemed that the vitamins were in essence specific cures for certain diseases. When, however, the chemists took the job in hand and teased apart the constituent elements of rice polishings, cod-liver oil, orange juice, etc. — in other words, when they isolated and analyzed the vitamins — the true relation of the vitamins to the diseases for which they acted as specific cures became apparent. *It was found that the vitamins were not so much the cures for diseases as that lack of vitamins was the cause of the diseases.*

This constitutes, in medicine, an extraordinary relationship between disease and cure. Just by way of illustration, were this relationship to prevail in other disease conditions, then we would have to argue that since quinine cures malaria, then malaria is due to the lack of quinine. This, of course, would be sheer nonsense. Only in one disease group do we find a relationship between disease and cure similar to that prevailing with the vitamins. That group consists of the disorders of the glands of internal secretion. Here, too, the lack of the secretions of the glands produces disease, while supplying the lacking hormones “cures” such disorders. It is for this reason that many scientists have compared the

vitamins to the hormones, calling them, indeed, “exogenous hormones,” or hormones which are taken into, rather than produced by, the body.

II

To understand the function and importance of the vitamins in the human economy it is imperatively necessary that this curative effect of the vitamins in certain diseases be understood. Vitamins “cure” those disorders only in the sense that food cures hunger. They are, indeed, no cures at all. They prevent no diseases, they fortify no resistance, they serve in no wise other than as good nutrition serves to prevent disease and to fortify resistance. But here is the very crux of the matter. Good nutrition is good only when it contains an adequate amount of the vitamins, and this we have learned only since we discovered the existence of the vitamins. As late as the beginning of the present century, the best authorities in nutrition thought that a good diet was had when the caloric (energy quantity) intake was sufficient, and when it was properly balanced among proteins, fats, and carbohydrates (starches and sugars). We have come a long way since then, not only in our appreciation

of the importance of the vitamins, but also in our knowledge of the value of the mineral substances in good nutrition.

But the vitamins remain nutritional elements to be obtained from one's foods, not things apart to be taken separately. Of course, in emergency circumstances, we may employ vitamins in concentration. But then, under corresponding circumstances we employ blood transfusions and a thousand other artificial means. What is good for the sick man is not necessarily good for the well man.

The physician *prescribes* vitamins in a variety of circumstances, chiefly when there is some fault or deficiency in the individual's nutrition, or when because of illness, pregnancy, or convalescence there is need for extra vitamins. Any serious derangement in the digestive tract, or a deficiency in its absorptive power is likely to call for treatment with vitamin concentrates, but such conditions also call for accurate diagnoses, and for other forms of medical therapy.

Nature never presents us with a vitamin in the pure state. Always we find it associated with some food or other product. It is only the ingenuity of man that makes the artificial, isolated, concentrated, and synthetic vitamin possible. This

artificial product is precious to research and in the treatment of disease. But under normal circumstances it has no place in the diet. *Those who think they can eat as they please, and drink as they please, and then make adequate amends for their dietary sins by swallowing a capsule, are fooling themselves.* Vitamins are essential to well-being, but so are the other elements of the diet. Indeed, to think of them apart is to do violence to clear thinking and to our best knowledge.

There is a great deal left to be clarified concerning the part played by the vitamins in the body's function, but even now it is evident that their main service is in the realm of metabolism. Their vital role is played in the process of the conversion of food's potential energy into the kinetic energy by which the body operates. The vitamins are to food in a sense what the spark is to the vaporized gasoline in the motor. Adequate vitamins without adequate food are therefore as useful as a rich spark in a gasless cylinder.

This is well illustrated by what we know of the function of Vitamin B₁ (Thiamin), a member of the vitamin complex found in yeast and in green vegetation. This vitamin is essential to the utilization of carbohydrates as a source of energy

for nerve tissue. In technical language, the B vitamins are essential constituents of the enzymes controlling the key process in carbohydrate oxidation and reduction. This was ingeniously shown some time ago in significant experiments. Birds fed on polished rice developed a form of paralysis (avian beriberi) in three or four weeks. The more polished rice they were fed, the more quickly they developed the paralysis. Birds given nothing but water outlived those fed on polished rice and did not at any time develop any paralysis.

What is true of the Vitamin B complex in relation to the utilization by the body of the sugars is probably similarly true of the other vitamins in relation to other food elements. About forty vitamins are known to science at this time, and the existence of still others is well indicated. Of these forty, only nine are known to be essential in nutrition. These nine are Vitamins A, B₁ (Thiamin), C (Ascorbic Acid), D, G or B₂ (Riboflavin), E (Alpha-tocopherol), B₆ (Pyridoxin), K and Nicotinic Acid.

III

The important food sources of Vitamin A are the green leaf vegetables, notably spinach, kale,

dandelion, leaf lettuce, and also green string beans, green peppers, carrots, and sweet potatoes. Eggs and milk are the more important foods of animal origin containing Vitamin A.

Vitamin B₁ or Thiamin, is widely distributed among the plant foods, so that practically all fruits and vegetables contain some of it. The richest sources of Vitamin B₁ are grains, nuts, and legumes (beans, peas, lentils, etc.). In grains, the vitamin is concentrated chiefly in the outer covering, which unfortunately is generally discarded during the milling processes. Among the foods of animal origin, milk, eggs, meat (particularly pork), and glandular organs, such as kidney and liver, are good sources of Vitamin B₁.

Vitamin C is properly called "the vitamin of fresh foods," for practically all fresh foods of plant or animal origin contain generous amounts of it. The citrous fruits and tomatoes are commonly thought to be the best sources of Vitamin C. They are good sources, but the other Vitamin C foods should not be neglected. Green peppers are rich in this vitamin; so are the vegetables of the cabbage family, and cauliflower, brussels sprouts, turnips, spinach, collards, turnip greens, and watercress. Strawberry-

ries, blueberries and cranberries are also good sources of Vitamin C. To this list the humble "spud," too, can properly be added.

Vitamin D is found principally in foods of animal origin, such as milk, egg yolk, liver, and fat fish and fish oils. Plants do contain ergosterol, which is a "forerunner" or provitamin of Vitamin D. Ergosterol on exposure to ultra-violet light acquires the properties of Vitamin D. The human body subjected to sun bathing or ultra-violet-light radiation in all probability "manufactures" its own Vitamin D from the ergosterol present within the body.

The remaining Vitamins, G, Nicotinic Acid, K, B₆, and E, are all found in association with A, B₁, C, and D in the food sources mentioned above. From this it can be deduced that an individual seldom suffers from the want of one vitamin only. He is much more likely to suffer from the inadequate intake of "groups of vitamins," according to the foods poorly represented in the diet.

It is not enough to select one's food carefully; one must also prepare it properly. What goes into the pot and what comes out of it may, as far as the vitamins are concerned, differ totally. Here are some of the more important

rules for conserving the vitamins (and minerals) in cooked foods. Cook as quickly as possible. Use small amounts of water. Serve this water with the food whenever possible. Do not expose cooking foods to the air: keep vessels covered. Do not add soda to vegetables during cooking.

It is unfortunate that in the early stages of research some of the vitamins were designated as "anti-" this or that disease condition. Now the nostrum vendors, following this lead, peddle their vitamins as "cold preventers," "pep promoters," etc. Their pet word is "resistance" — their vitamin capsules and concoctions, they say, help build resistance against disease. But vitamins do not act specifically as do, say, vaccines or anti-toxins. There is no anti-cold vitamin. There is in reality no anti-neuritis vitamin. There are only complicated disease conditions arising from disturbances in metabolism, in part caused by vitamin deficiencies. Such shortages can often be corrected by the administration of the lacking vitamins, in emergency conditions in the form of vitamin concentrates, and ordinarily through the improvement of the diet.

Nutrition scientists have made numerous studies of the more com-

mon foods to determine their vitamin contents. Tables giving the vitamin values of various foods are available from many sources, including the U. S. Public Health Service and the Nutrition Departments of many State Departments of Health. The average person is not, however, encouraged to arrange his dietary according to these scales and tables. He will be nutritionally safe enough if he observes a few simple rules. The most important of them is to build one's diet out of a wide variety of foods, including, as a basis, milk and milk derivatives, eggs, green leafy vegetables, fresh fruits and vegetables,

lean meats and whole-grain cereals and breads. For children, and perhaps for adults too, it will be necessary to add to the above, given quantities of cod-liver oil or its equivalents. As the obverse of this counsel, it is well to reduce the consumption of vitamin- and mineral-less substances, such as alcohol and sugar.

But as for the vitamin concentrates, it is best to bear in mind that when you spend your money on the essential foods, you get your vitamins "thrown in free of charge." There is no capsule "substitute" for a normal, well-balanced diet.



*Fashion Note
from Russia*

*Sey
N.Y. Jan. 1941*

► *A swashbuckling North American
changed the face of South America.*

SOUTH AMERICA'S RAILROAD BUILDER

BY MEIGS M. GREEN

THE greatest American was not Washington or Lincoln or Edison; he was a man who died sixty-odd years ago in Lima, Peru. His name: Henry Meiggs. That, at any rate, is what many South Americans will tell you. That few in this country have heard of Meiggs is something only our traditional apathy to things Latin-American can explain. It is as though Cecil Rhodes were unknown in England.

Meiggs arrived in South America an exposed embezzler fleeing from the law. Twenty years later he owned or controlled nearly everything of value in Peru and he died one of the richest men on earth. Meiggs rode to glory on the crest of the railway mania which struck the nations below the equator midway in the last century. He revolutionized their transportation, and the railroads he flung across the Andes are still the main lines of Chile and Peru. Some of them, particularly the so-called "Railway to the Moon" east from Lima, are even today spoken of

with awe by engineers. These conquests led him to still others.

But his story best begins with one foggy morning in the fall of 1854, when the small barque *America* lay becalmed just outside the Golden Gate. On board were Meiggs and his family, fleeing the wrath of fellow-townsmen who had known him as gold-rush San Francisco's foremost citizen and had always called him "Honest Harry." Ashore, the mercurial residents of the tough boom city were haranguing themselves into a lather over his defalcations. As they compared their losses, someone sighted the *America* still lying off the harbor. With the cry, "Let's go and get him!" the vengeful creditors rushed to the waterfront and chartered a steamer. In the several hours necessary for her to get up steam, most of them went home for shotguns. No sooner had they pulled away from the wharf than fate intervened — a broken paddle-wheel. By late afternoon, when it was finally repaired, the creditors were madder than ever.

The newspapers had come out, putting Meiggs' "ill-gotten gains" at \$2,000,000. (Actually it was only \$750,000.) Probably they had the tree picked out.

As the side-wheeler churned through the Golden Gate into the ocean, there, a mile or two away, lay the little barque, sails lifeless. The gap closed . . . half a mile . . . a quarter mile. Hot-heads prematurely fired their guns. Then, at the last possible moment, Meiggs' luck changed. A brisk wind ruffled the water and filled the *America's* sails. She held her own with the poky side-wheeler. The wind stiffened and the raging posse dropped astern. As night fell, Meiggs' pulse went back to normal and Captain Cousins set a course for Tahiti. The pursuers went home cursing. But this melodramatic escape was profitable to them; within a dozen years Meiggs repaid his California debts, including, tradition says, fifty cents to his laundress.

Always a gambler, Meiggs made money fast, but spent it faster, from the time when he started out in the lumber business in New York City in 1832. Born upstate, he prospered to the point where he was subsidizing musicians and sponsoring concerts, until the panic of

1837 wiped him out. When gold was found in California, he borrowed enough money to buy a shipload of lumber and sail around to San Francisco, where it sold for fifty times its cost. More cautious now, he went to work as a day laborer to study the situation.

Finally Meiggs sank his stake in the sawmill business; the venture swept him to financial power in San Francisco. Had he stuck to his mills all would have been rosy, but the speculative atmosphere was too tempting. He built a huge shipping center, "Meiggs's Wharf," in what is now the North Beach section, and bought up the whole neighborhood, counting on his influence as a member of the city council to promote the development. He built hotels, he backed concerts, he brought great artists to perform in San Francisco. When the slump came in 1854, he was once again too far off base to get back.

But this time a lot of other people's money was involved besides his own. Meiggs got hold of a blank book of municipal promissory notes and began to falsify in the hope of tiding his affairs over the low spot. One day, when he saw that exposure was sure on the morrow, he called in Captain Cousins, whose vessel he had bought ostensibly for a voyage to Australia. "Captain,

this is hell," Meiggs said, "but I can't help it." Explaining the true nature of the voyage, he divided \$10,000 in gold, all he had left, with the captain. At three A.M. they started for the wharf, "Meiggs giving his top hat a knock on the crown as he rose to go." Debonair in the face of the Devil, throughout the nerve-racking ordeal of groping out of the fog-bound harbor and during the pursuit, he remained perfectly calm.

The *America* sailed to Tahiti, made a short stop at Pitcairn Island, refuge of the *Bounty* mutineers, and landed finally at Talcahuano in southern Chile. According to one story, Meiggs had to pawn his watch to buy his wife, brother and several children their first meal in Chile.

II

South America was then the traditional place for people in trouble in the United States to go. There was no extradition treaty with Chile, but Governor Bigler of California tried to have Meiggs extradited anyway. The Chilean authorities decided that for such a fancy offense there didn't need to be a treaty. The order went out for the fugitive's arrest. But by this time, he had vanished into the

interior. Seven months later, the U. S. minister, for reasons unexplained, countermanded the arrest order. Perhaps Meiggs called at the legation and talked his way to freedom; he had an overwhelming personality that few could ever resist. Chilean writers described him, at forty-five, as big and blond, with high, spacious forehead, blue eyes and erect figure. They all spoke of his remarkable voice, describing it as "organ-like," but his workmen on the railroads compared it to the blast of a locomotive whistle in volume and imperativeness.

His first years in Chile are pretty vague. At least part of the time he was miserably poor. He went to work as a laborer on the railroad, which was just being built in the central valley of Chile. Thus he learned to understand the language and the railroad picture and, more important still, the Chilean *roto*. The latter, whose name means "ragged" or "debauched," is the hard-drinking, hard-working Chilean laborer, temperamental to handle but among the most valuable in Latin America. Meiggs first heaved himself out of the ruck by bidding low on a contract to build a bridge on the new line. That job polished off quickly, he progressed to a contract for a section of the road

itself. This, too, he whipped through with unheard-of dispatch and from there on, his reputation made, there was no stopping him.

The railroad craze had just struck the country. Santiago, the capital, situated in the great inland valley, was only fifty miles from the Pacific, but the rugged, desert coast range that intervened kept the city in the Middle Ages. A railroad to Valparaíso, the main seaport, had been talked of for years, but the Chilean consensus was that the project was impossible. Meiggs having gained a reputation as a miracle man, the Minister of Interior called him in to discuss the matter. Where other contractors had said the enterprise would take many years, Meiggs offered to complete it in two. And his bid of \$6,000,000 plus a bonus for finishing ahead of schedule was millions under previous estimates. Within two weeks four thousand men were at work.

Meiggs' utter lack of engineering training seemed almost to work in his favor. His towering self-confidence enabled him to overrule engineer subordinates and lay rails in the teeth of the laws of gravity and averages. Once, miles high in the Andes, he was pointing out to a young engineer the dizzy cliff-side next to be scaled by the line.

"Why, Meiggs, we can't run a railroad along there in that sliding shale!" remonstrated the engineer.

"Can't, eh? Well, young man, that's just where she's got to go, and if you can't find room for her on the ground, we'll hang her from balloons."

This stop-for-nothing attitude and his understanding of the Chilean workmen drove the "impossible" Valparaíso railroad through ahead of contract. Between twelve and fourteen thousand *rotos* worked on it during the two years. Better fed than most of them had ever been before, they worshipped Henry Meiggs in spite of the terrific pace he imposed.

Princely showmanship marked the opening ceremonies of the new line. At a colossal banquet in the Santiago station the President and other politicians held forth to their hearts' content. The Archbishop blessed the proceedings. Meiggs' speech was a masterpiece. He paid tribute to the cabinet ministers, assigning them immortal niches in world history. He likened Señor Varas, Minister of Interior, to Bernardo O'Higgins, national hero of the war for independence. He salted his remarks with well-chosen tears and he praised the Chilean *roto* to the skies. When he said that he would prefer five hun-

dred sturdy sons of Chile to one thousand Irishmen, national pride reached the popping point.

Meiggs cleared a cold million on the Valparaiso contract. He was now one of the leading men in Chile. Socially, too, he was perhaps the most successful American who ever came South. With the enthusiastic help of his adoring *rotos*, the newly-christened "Messiah of the Railroads" built himself a house that is still one of the show-places of Santiago. Even the Americans had forgiven him by this time. The same Governor Bigler who had tried to extradite him was now U. S. minister to Chile, and Meiggs had won him over.

III

The fame of the Yankee miracle man had spread to the neighboring republic of Peru. That country had caught the railroad fever from its arch rival, Chile. Obviously, it would not do for Peru to be without railroads when Chile had them. And Peru actually needed them acutely, for the heaven-piercing Andes split the country right down the middle. More than half of its territory was either high on the mountain plateau or almost out of reach beyond the ranges. The Amazonian third of the nation

might as well not have existed. There were large coal deposits at Morococha, yet Peru was spending \$3,000,000 a year to import coal from abroad. Huge areas of the country were virtually empty.

Meiggs disregarded invitations only long enough to get the Peruvians thoroughly interested. Then in 1868 he moved north from Chile to Lima. It was the first of his *hegiras* in which he had been able to take his fortune with him and his arrival was like that of royalty. The splendor of the first Meiggs luncheon, for eight hundred of the double-cream of Peru, became a legend. Responding to thunderous speeches of welcome, he pictured himself as "the humblest of workmen," but one who itched to build the railroad that would surely make the names of the reigning politicians ricochet down the halls of history. To this masterpiece of public relations, Meiggs appended a stroke that was sheer genius in its appreciation of Spanish-American psychology. In the newspapers the following day, he took space to beg that his guests would "excuse whatever faults they may have noticed," and to ask forgiveness for "omissions which by the fault, perhaps involuntary, of the distributors, had been committed in the giving of invitations."

The railroad he visioned would run eastward from Callao and Lima, crossing the Andes through a pass sixteen thousand feet high, and on to Oroya on the far slope. It happened, however, that President Canseco, the current boss, was from Arequipa in southern Peru, a rival city of Lima. Consequently, it was decided that the first railroad should run not to Oroya but from Arequipa to the coast, with a minor detour through the President's ranch. When the negotiations over the contract got under way, it became evident how cleverly Meiggs had played his cards.

Privately, he calculated the construction cost of the road at \$6,750,000; bribes and graft at \$1,250,000; total, \$8,000,000. However, he told the President that the actual figure would probably reach fifteen millions, but that purely for patriotic reasons he would let them have it for twelve. Meiggs bribed everyone, from the President on down — he had to. The greased-palm system was already established; he could hardly have been expected to change that. But he did accomplish things under it as few others have done before or since.

When the Arequipa railroad was opened, Meiggs staged a gaudy two-week celebration. Mollendo,

its seaport terminal, was two days' voyage south of Lima. Meiggs chartered four steamers to take his guests — everyone in the country who mattered — down to the ceremony. On the voyage there was continuous music, dancing and drinking; champagne baths are supposed to have been provided for the ladies. A correspondent who made the trip wrote that "compared to Meiggs' luxury, splendor and abundance, Mark Antony's entertainment of Cleopatra seemed miserable."

Perfecting the technique that had clicked in Chile, Meiggs firmly convinced the politicians that their railroad-building achievements had enshrined them among the world's immortals. As the President — a new one by this time — drove the last golden spike, the American impresario compared him to Newton, Fulton and Humboldt in the realm of science and to San Martín and Bolívar as a liberator of his country. Finally, with his bass voice husky with sincerity, he closed with a toast: "To those who sacrificed their lives to this task." The deep, emotional note went home. Then it was the Latins' turn. Winding up a flood of oratory, the Bolivian minister (whose country was being opened by Meiggs' railroads) called Meiggs

"the colossus of fortune and credit, the contractor without fear, the gigantic son of North America who has come to erase from our dictionaries the word 'impossible.'"

The Arequipa railroad had been built through an infernally hot coastal desert. Meiggs' next venture, the Oroya road east over the Andes from Lima, presented radically different problems. Most of its length was to follow the Rimac River, so water was plentiful. But the steepness of the river's fall, the sheerness of the valley walls and the terrific altitude of the pass (nearly sixteen thousand feet) were hazards that seemed all but insurmountable. The Rimac valley climbed from sea level at Callao to sixteen thousand feet at Ticlio in a distance of only 106 miles, a steep climb for an airplane. The contract specified that the grade should nowhere be more than 4 per cent, or 211 feet per mile. The trouble was that the Rimac often descended at a greater rate than that. The answer for this was switchbacks. The road contains twenty-one simple switchbacks and five compound, zigzag ones.

It is for this extraordinary ascent of the Rimac valley that Henry Meiggs is most famous. A great deal of the way the canyon walls are perfectly vertical. The road

has sixty-one bridges and sixty-five tunnels. Certain sections pass through such inaccessible chasms that no point could be reached for survey; they had to be located entirely by triangulation. Meiggs had promised the government he could lay a railroad anywhere that a llama could climb, but he outdid his boast.

Everything, even the ties, had to be brought in by pack mule. There were absolutely no trees in these arid mountains. Ten thousand men worked on the job. Some were Chilean *rotos*, brought north for the occasion, and about half were Chinese, whom Meiggs considered the best of all workmen because they did not drink. When the higher altitudes were reached, these men had to be replaced by Andean Indians who had been born in that rarified air and were used to it. This railroad, at its pinnacle, is considerably higher than most U. S. transport planes ever fly.

President Balta, who authorized this "Railway to the Moon," was a real plunger. He gave the American six contracts for new railroads, including the two already mentioned. Their total mileage was to be more than one thousand, at a cost of \$118,000,000. The nation's entire revenue from guano exports—then its chief source of wealth—as

well as the customs receipts and the Oroya railroad itself, were pledged to Meiggs. His brother, John G., who handled many of the details, wrote, "We have the whole of Peru, boots and breeches." In addition, a huge bond issue was sold abroad to finance the orgy of railroad building. The subsequent default on these bonds was later to bankrupt the country.

The last contract given Meiggs was for a railroad into the great Cerro de Pasco mining region and for development of the mines. Besides this he had concessions in the nitrate fields; he owned vast blocks of land around Lima; and he had a deal under way which would have given him the lion's share in a cable telegraph system between west-coast South America and New York. Had Meiggs lived to carry out all these projects, many think, he would have been the richest man in the world. Others say that he was already over-expanded and that the war

between Peru and Chile in 1880 would have meant his last and greatest crash.

No one will ever know, because in the fall of 1877, at the height of his career, Henry Meiggs suddenly died of heart disease. The Peruvians gave their "Messiah of the Railroads" one of the greatest funerals in history. Tens of thousands, men who had worked for him and citizens to whose charities he had given lavishly, followed the bier to the cemetery. The procession was miles long. Nor was it only among the lowly that he was idolized. "When his name was mentioned at a Lima social gathering," wrote one observer, "an indefinable rustle would run through the room." And though sixty-two years have passed since he died, his name is yet one to conjure with in Chile and Peru.

(I gratefully acknowledge my debt to the researches of Dr. Watt Stewart, who made his manuscript book on Meiggs available to me. — M. M. G.)



"**W**HY do they quarrel if they all want the same thing?" sighed a simple soul, seeing radicals of various schools clashing with each other. Well, that's exactly why they quarrel. They all want power. — MAX NOMAD

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOR

The Ways of Instinct

A FEW months ago in this place there was chronicled the life history of a common dauber wasp, a creature that pursues the intricate pattern of its career wholly under the guidance, as it seems, of the inner biddings of instinct. It has subsequently been suggested that a further consideration might be given to the subject of instinct in general: its rôle in earth life as a controlling faculty, its ways of operating, its nature and perhaps its origin. The phenomenon of instinct-in-operation omnipresently catches the eye of even the most casual observer outdoors. Not only does he see instinct at work around him — guiding invisibly the beavers as they fell a tree, urging the turtle toward far-distant water, sending the snake inscrutably gliding in search of a mate — but he feels it stir most powerfully, with the drive of aeons, in his own inmost blood.

Not only is instinct mentor to wasps and foxes; it is our own human sub-brain, pre-brain, our own primal inborn life equipment. It is

the intuitive lore we possess before the intellect begins imposing its conjectures and dubieties. It is worth, certainly, a little considering. We do our thinking, as Henri Bergson said, with only a very little part of our racial past, but the deep impulsions and protoplasmic urgings of instinct are a link with the old planetary heart.

The term "instinct" is a spacious designation to cover all the varieties of unlearned purposeful performance. With these the natural world teems in every part. It is instinctive for a red-tailed hawk to utter a squealing, screaming cry as it circles above the hemlock tops; it is instinctive for an orb-weaving spider to spin its complex silken geometry among the grass blades; an instinctive urge in its inner animal psyche bids a raccoon seek a lair and a mate and a diet of green-skinned frogs.

Until a comparatively few years ago, science was content to let instinct go without further analysis. Instinct was an intuitive faculty impossible to explore; it was "an

inner infallible voice of God" — this as recently as 1897, in a zoological journal — and as little effort was made to analyze its components as had been made by earlier physicians to analyze the mysterious "humors" which governed the body's physiology. Within recent decades, a more intensive analytical scrutiny has been brought to bear on instinct. The scrutiny has not dispelled, nor is it ever likely to, the final mystery of instinct's well springs and origin; nor is a man less justified today in thinking of instinct, when the mood is on him, as "the sweet grave guidance of the Earth Mother" (Blackwood's phrase) or as "genius in Paradise, before the period of self-abstraction" (which was the way Novalis chose, in the language of a poet's vision rather than a scientist's, to view the matter). Instinct must ever be an area of many mysteries and a land of shadows. But we know now much more than once we did about some of its ingredients and we have broken it up for analysis and applied a number of clarifying labels to the parts. The things we have learned have an interest for the inquiring mind, if not much assuagement for philosophers.

We know that instinct is not a single and special faculty. It is a complex, rather, of multivarious

factors. Central in it is the most stripped of all automatic behaviors: the simple reflex. The "instinct" of a hare or a toad or a human being to snatch its body away from the touch of flame is such a reflexive automatism, a functioning of the uncontrolled mechanism of a nerve arc.

It is, so to speak, a physiological lore, a body wisdom, implicit in the organic structure. It is a kind of response that represents, in its most uncomplicated and extreme form, a very large number of the physiological behaviors that we ascribe to instinct promptings. Instincts are constituted, so to put it, of reflexes occurring in linked sequences and chains.

The sensitiveness of flesh to flame is an extreme variety of bodily awareness. Immensely subtler and more delicate are the responses-to-stimulus that touch off innumerable wild creatures' performances of their instinctive behavior patterns.

Bodily movements away from or toward an external stimulus are labelled tropisms, and these tropisms are of a great variety of classified kinds. When, in the dusk of a summer evening, the darting hawk moth seeks the whitely glimmering blossoms of a phlox bed, it is activated in this purposeful

unlearned behavior by a positive phototropism — a responsive urge toward lightness that is only a little less simply reflexive than the jerk away from flame of a toad's clawed forefoot or a baby's hand. A negative phototropism sends the blind earthworm creeping to its dark sheltering tunnel at sunrise; a positive phototropism results in the sky-seeking nuptial flight that gives so stirring a poetry to the lives of bees.

And the phototropisms are but one tiny category of the nearly numberless kinds of similar response patterns which control wild lives. It is a constitutional chemotropism that draws the flies and beetles mysteriously from the upper air to where a deer lies dead in the woods; a geotropism that governs the necessary movements, each in its season, of many creatures towards and away from the earth; a hydrotropism that invincibly pulls the house-fly grub toward water; a stereotropism that demands the snake insert itself in just such-and-such fashion in a rock crevice to satisfy a tactile craving-pattern of its scaly skin.

By myriads do the unconscious reflexes touch off the insuppressible chains-of-response that guide animals through their uncomprehended destinies.

II

It is when reflex piles upon reflex, tropisms combine with other tropisms, and the automatic behaviors mingle to make an intricate fixed pattern, that the phenomenon of "instinct" appears in the fullness of its wonder. There is seen now the male frog, lusting instinctively for a female, finding her as surely as though drawn by an invisible thread, now at last clasping her in a powerful embrace which is not the result of conscious passion but of a sensitizing of the inner surfaces of his forelegs, in consequence of a change of hormones in his blood, so that a gripping-reflex now utterly possesses him.

Here is the pampas fox, inexorably led to stage a death feint when he has been attacked by enemies, and so gripped now by this necessity of his inmost fox blood that, if the feint fails to deceive, he endures being torn to pieces without making sound or attempting to escape. Here are the migrant birds, stirred by skeins of interior impulsion which science has not yet unravelled, winging their thousand-mile inerrant routes across forests and plains and sea. Out of the most elementary reflexive actions, compounded in sequences following one another as impera-

tively as the seasons, can come such happenings as these.

The enormous wisdom of instinct is a wisdom, of course, accommodated to the natural earth. Its successful operation is dependent upon an environment that does not change, or at least that changes very slowly. As, with the passing of ages, a high mountain alters and subsides until it has become a valley or a plain, the creatures dwelling upon it undergo — infinitely slowly, generation by generation, nearly imperceptibly — an alteration in their reflexive responses, a gradual acquisition of changed instinct patterns accommodated to a lowland life. But the process is an enormously slow one, the tempo of alteration in instinctual lores proceeding in accord with the vast planetary rhythms to which they are tied with an unseverable umbilicus.

The wisdom of earth is a long slow wisdom; it does not accommodate itself to the nervous shiftings and antickings of the unique being, Man, and the little changes and alterations he has thought to make in earth ways during his brief tenancy. It has taken no notice yet of his proud little invention of artificially lighting the night, or of his ingenious contraptions in the way of contraceptives, or of many

a bright and brittle little web of intellectuality he has spun.

The old earth wisdom still urges the hawk moths toward the light, though they sometimes singe their wings against man-invented flames that were unknown in nature before he came, and it still even troubles man's own heart, in the midst of an urban bright-lit midnight, with old longings for the quiet dark. It still urges man's deepest blood toward breeding and begetting, however cunningly he may think to thwart that drive; it still breathes the ancient yearning for a full belly and a quenched thirst, even into the heart of the ascetic who has invented an ingenious theology to prove these undesirable. The great orgiastic tides of instinct are not quickly to be deflected. This is an old, old earth. Man has not been on it very long. His going may be tomorrow.

The power and inflexibleness of instinct come into conflict, often enough, with the environmental changes man has made and when this happens, the aeon-old push of instinct can be a wonderful and terrible thing to see. It was Fabre who experimented with the processional caterpillars. These are a kind of caterpillars that habitually march in a close-ranked file, spinning a thread as they go. Fabre artificially

deflected the course of a caterpillar column and caused them to start marching around the circumference of a large vase. The procession formed a string around it, a completely closed circle of caterpillars, no leader, all followers, an endless file along an endless track.

It was at midday on a thirtieth of January that Fabre got the caterpillars thus started on the circle. When nightfall came, the caterpillars were still marching around and around. When the next day dawned, their interminable procession still followed undeviatingly its endless route. On the third day they had not halted nor swerved. Frost chilled the air, numbing the caterpillars, and they grew weak from starvation, but

never could they break their everlasting circle or escape from that inner compulsion toward following-the-leader which for millenniums in the wild state had been innate in their being. More days passed and still the caterpillars marched onward along their endless way.

When at last the spell did finally break, it was only by an accident on February sixth and it was in the eighty-fourth hour of the caterpillars' continuous marching. Driven by the undeniable compulsion of instinct — unable to break away from its tremendous behests even to avoid freezing and starvation — the caterpillars had marched more than a quarter of a mile.

LITTER

AMONG the litter of our days
the fearful hearts like wild geese flying
wheel and follow, dipping to the pond
and harken to the swamp-bird crying,
while those who loved the flame, stars, moon, and sun
the swish of wind across an eagle's wings,
turn scavengers and skim the reeking foam
and tremble when the catbird sings.
Among the litter of our days
the lustful bittern and malicious crow
drop bloody feathers over waiting grain
and clamor as they go.

— JAMES BINNEY

THE LIBRARY

Dr. Edman Looks At Democracy

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Few professors of philosophy are more delightful company than Irwin Edman of Columbia. He is witty, learned and amusing. His talk is mellow and urbane. It is in cold print that Professor Edman leaves one unsatisfied and yet spoils one's intellectual appetite — like a whole meal made up of delicate *hors d'oeuvres*.

It is difficult to remember his own views, beyond the fact that he is a vague and romantic humanist, whose very vagueness leaves the impression of vast tolerance. And it is even more difficult to remember his exposition of other thinkers. The luminosity of his style, like the light of a firefly, glows without illuminating. And his ideas, for all their sophistication, do not stimulate. I have read most of his works, I dare say, and have been pleased and soothed by them. But for the life of me, I could not tell you just what he believes or why.

I dwell on this dichotomy be-

tween Edman the civilized savant and Edman the hazy social writer because it seems to me tragically typical of the best contemporary liberalism. It is tragic because true liberalism is still the best hope of the world. At its worst, contemporary liberalism is not progressive but opportunist: many of our so-called liberals are really "liberal" totalitarians, half-educated clerks and logrollers who jump on any intellectually fashionable bandwagon — from Irving Babbitt's "humanism" to Stalinoid "communism" — which promises to lead to a little publicity or power. But even at its best (and Edman does speak for the best in contemporary liberalism) it is anaemic, sterile and urbanely futile.

*Fountainheads of Freedom*¹ is an anthology of libertarian literature, from the Prophet Samuel to John Dewey, selected by Dr. Edman and his colleague, Dr. Herbert W. Schneider. Dr. Edman introduces

¹Reynal and Hitchcock, \$3.75.

this anthology with a 192-page essay on the nature and growth of freedom and democracy. The essay is a masterpiece of inconclusiveness. The mastery lies in the author's considerable skill in seeming to epitomize the theories of the thinkers included; and the inconclusiveness lies in his inability to lift their ideas from a series of philosophical stills into the social drama of intellectual struggles.

One of the reasons for this frustration has been brilliantly pointed out by John Chamberlain. On the one hand, says Chamberlain, Professor Edman is a Platonist — "he hungers for the shining order, the steady luminosity that goes with Plato"; but on the other hand, he is a convinced American democrat, a disciple and a colleague of John Dewey, the homely Aristotle of democracy at work. And he resolves this inner struggle through a vapid catholicity: he accepts the best in the most contradictory systems of thought without really trying to think it through. In short, Dr. Edman is a connoisseur of ideas — at least of the ideas of the ancient and medieval world. When it comes to modern social theory, he becomes confused, like most contemporary liberals.

But even his knowledge of ancient and medieval thought would

be more illuminating if he were clearer about the dynamics of the societies he discusses. He begins with "The Hebrew Covenant and the Democracy of God." He quotes from the magnificent prophecy of Samuel, which should be hung in every shop and over every desk, in which the prophet warns the Jews not to ask Jehovah for a king. This prophecy is the perfect statement against the Leader principle. Then Dr. Edman contrasts the great insight of Samuel and the other prophets with the oppressions of the Kings, and never mentions the fact that the theocratic prophets, for all their wisdom, inevitably led to the real curse of Hebraic civilization, Pharisaism and a blindly legalistic priesthood. That is why there had to be the Christian revolution.

In the same way, he does not indicate that in the Greek world the enlightenment of Socrates and Plato contained the seeds of cynicism and sterility. In Christianity he stresses the Pauline element, but fails to stress in Paul the kind of organizer who was bound to lead to the hierarchic Church, the Inquisition and a monolithic theocracy. Martin Luther's rebellion against the Church is presented, quite rightly, as a revolt against theocratic intolerance, a revolt which

gave much impetus toward secular civil liberties as well. But Dr. Edman fails to see that Luther was also an early German romantic nationalist who, for political reasons, rebelled against the internationalism of the Church and even against much of the enlightenment of the Renaissance. One would never guess that Luther was one of the ancestors, certainly a collateral one, of Hegel, Schelling and Fichte, who fathered the omnipotent racial state.

All this does not mean that the Judaeo-Greek-Christian tradition is not one of the great glories of Western civilization. It only means that Dr. Edman fails to grasp wholly the struggle through which this tradition has survived.

Turning now to the modern world, the pale romanticism of Professor Edman attracts him to the violent romanticism of Rousseau. Rousseau, he says, for all his neurotic temperament, "managed to see with singular lucidity some of the central issues in all politics, particularly the conflict between authority and freedom, man and the state, law and liberty." There could be no more misleading interpretation of Rousseau. The important thing about Rousseau's genius was that his romantic passion turned the Common Man into

a mobster and it remained for the American Revolution to show the world that the Common Man can be a disciplined freeman.

II

Professor Edman is at his best in his rapid survey of English democratic discussion and literature. British libertarianism is so rational that it speaks for itself. But here, too, Professor Edman's Platonic predilection makes him a bit apologetic about John Locke's democratic triad of "life, liberty, and property." He prefers Jefferson's formulation of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The "pursuit of happiness" seems to point toward a collectivist Utopia, toward which Edman feels a romantic hankering. Indeed, his whole discussion of modern democratic and socialist theory is tinged with a rosy collectivist yen.

In this field, Dr. Edman is not even learned. He approaches the subject as a layman, and repeats the empty popularizations which are current among laymen. And the Russian Revolution, with its totalitarian development, has taught him essentially as much as it has taught the Webbs and Bernard Shaw, whom he admires as socialist libertarians — that is, it

has taught him nothing. Marx and Engels were not significantly the prophets of the classless society; they were significantly the intellectual architects of the totalitarian state. They were the children of German philosophical idealism and totalitarian romanticism. Marx stood Hegel on his head and then Lenin stood *him* on his head and the inevitable successors of these historic acrobats are — Mussolini, Stalin and Hitler.

And now we come to Edman's views on the underlying ideas of the American Revolution and our own democratic tradition.

The American Revolution was the only truly successful libertarian revolution in history. And the reason is that it was against a ruling class three thousand miles away, and had three thousand miles of virgin land ahead of it. It did not have to swing too far forward, thus turning the people into a mob and the leaders into demagogues; and it did not have to swing back to a compromise with feudalism as did the English and the French Revolutions.

Of course there was a right and a left in the leadership of the young republic. But one cannot agree with Edman's conventional view that American freedom came entirely into its own because of the

victory of Jefferson in 1800. The struggle between Jefferson and Hamilton was not a mortal class conflict. Jefferson was the leader of individualistic farmers and producers, who cherished local independence. Hamilton wanted a strong central government to protect our primitive capitalism. Professor Abram L. Harris brilliantly states the distinction in his essay on "The Economics of the Founding Fathers":

Viewed in the perspective of the 18th century political struggle, Jefferson, the political leader of the small property interests, represented the radical wing of bourgeois democracy, while Hamilton, the ideologist of a rising capitalist class, represented the capitalist wing. Conservative democracy drew its inspiration from the middle-class liberalism of England. Radical democracy was inspired by the petty bourgeois democracy of the leaders of the French Revolution. Believing in the rights of private property, both groups in this country . . . were individualistic and accepted a laissez-faire economics.

Of course, as always happens, each of these two tendencies bore within itself the seeds of its own possible degeneration. Jeffersonian democracy gradually led to our various populist movements, with their know-nothing undertones. And if we lose our democratic tradition, we may find that our nineteenth century populism has led to

an American variety of twentieth-century fascism. The Hamiltonian tradition, on the other hand, from the very beginning endangered the democratic trend through wild, unproductive speculation, which in time led to an arrogant finance capitalism.

How hazily Dr. Edman appreciates the nature of Jeffersonian democracy is evidenced by his belief that Walt Whitman was the "poet" of democracy, a noble spokesman of Jeffersonian libertarianism. Walt Whitman was a wild-eyed pseudo-democratic degenerate, the typical proto-fascist demagogue, full of erotic-social gibberish. He was one of the precursors of Huey Long, just as Wagner was one of the precursors of Hitler. Like Wagner, Whitman, except that he lacked Wagner's genius, was a flamboyant ranter and lover of the *Volk*, the fake pagan of a mystic American "brotherhood."

And yet, Dr. Edman sees something "Whitmanesque" in Lincoln, whom he considers almost a disciple of Walt Whitman, a sort of mystic poet in politics. Lincoln, of all people! What confuses Dr. Edman is the rare and purely poetically mystic touch in Lincoln's prose. But Lincoln's political and social theories are no more mystical

than John Locke's. They are completely rational. There is no more perfect statement of the doctrine of democracy than Lincoln's definition of it:

As I would not be a *slave*, so I would not be a *master*. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy.

By democracy Lincoln meant, as the body of his writing clearly shows, not merely democracy in politics, but in cultural and social opportunities, in social relations and in the equitable relation between property and work.

That is the American tradition, and that is what real America is fighting to maintain in this war.



NON-FICTION

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF A NATION, by George Jean Nathan. \$2.50. *Knopf*. The distillation of George Jean Nathan's three decades and more spent in reviewing the theatre and its allied arts is contained in his twenty-four books, all of them devoted, he admits, to raising the standards of the theatre. In his newest volume, he distills further and catalogues the current entertainment state of the nation. If time has done nothing to mitigate Nathan's defects, such as they are, it has also spared him from the affliction of that dismal

fog which settles on the perceptions of many veteran critics, professional or otherwise. Nathan may write — and he does — in a style personalized at times to the point of incoherency, but what he has to say is uniformly sapient, cutting through the hokum to get at reality.

In a long chapter on "The Status of the Male Playwrights," he deplores what he terms "the usurpation by most of our leading playwrights, duly encouraged by the majority of our critics, of the profession of newspaper editorial writers, cable editors and Mecca Temple Ciceros." Only Eugene O'Neill, he observes, "stands stubbornly, courageously and brilliantly apart from the salesmen of popular indignations and therapeutic cure-alls." Nathan has read O'Neill's unproduced play, *The Iceman Cometh*, and predicts a secure future for it. Among the female playwrights, whom he contemplates in another chapter, Nathan places Lillian Hellman at the top but he contends that even the best women playwrights fall considerably short of the male standard. He reiterates his belief in Saroyan as a genuinely gifted new writer of practically unlimited promise, whose plays he would rather have with all their faults than "any ten dozen others sedulously polished, like old pairs of cheap shoes, into a surface acceptability."

He discloses the truth about first nights (they are neither uniformly drab nor uniformly resplendent); he reveals some little-known facts about producers (George Abbott rumbas for six or seven hours nightly); he advises the stagestruck how to get jobs (girls dressed in blue and red have a better chance); he advises those who have jobs how to hold them (don't display your posterior to the audience any more than is necessary); he advises the novice playwrights about what to write (take a crack at dramatizing *Zuleika Dobson*, boys); and he advises the producers on what to produce.

Nathan does not confine himself to the theatre and movies as entertainment. He unlooses his devastating talents on the ballet, which he finds full of humbug; on the circus, which he brands a peppermint fraud; on

cabaret floor shows in all their profusion. He surveys rather more appreciatively the magicians and the strip-tease and burlesque arts. But he gives scant attention — and that is this reviewer's squawk — to the vast field of entertainment encompassed by serious music, opera and symphonic and solo recital. While these matters are none of his business as a drama critic, he can scarcely deny that a book purporting to provide a panoramic view of the amusement landscape should certainly include music. Wherever he treats of American jazz and dance music, which is another serious gap in his panorama, prejudice and misinformation obscure his critical eye.

But these are small fry in the deep fat of his cooking. The book is typical George Jean Nathan, which is a lot for any man's money. — JOHN TEBBEL

THE PUBLIC PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT. Four volumes, \$30. *Macmillan*. These are the records of the President's second term, and like the five volumes issued three years ago covering his governorship and first term, they are absolutely indispensable from a historical point of view. Non-historians will find again that the best reading is contained in the transcripts of press conferences, and in the introductions and notes. The excellent editing is still the work of Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, with the assistance of Dr. Kenneth Hechler, formerly of Columbia University. There are numerous footnotes, a handy topical table and indices.

A TREASURY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN. Edited by Deems Taylor. \$5.00. *Simon & Schuster*. If there is any Savoyard who has not yet heard about this book, let him now hock the old homestead if necessary to buy a copy. He will find that the book fits on his music rack, that it is delightfully illustrated by Lucille Corcos, that its piano arrangements by Dr. Albert Sirmay are not only easy to play but are something more than just accompaniments. Altogether a book which captures the G. and S. spirit admirably.

ARMS AND THE AFTERMATH, by Perrin Stryker. \$1.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. A rapid survey of the manpower, natural resources and industrial management available for the manufacturing of armaments in the present war, together with a detailed analysis of the government's part in the entire picture. In the main Mr. Stryker is purely factual. He seems to think that industrialists might well give greater thought to their future after the end of the war, for the government is more deeply involved in business today than it was even in the days of the first World War.

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF POLAND. Edited by Stephen P. Mizwa. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. A collection of brief yet remarkably comprehensive biographies of thirty outstanding Poles, covering a period of one thousand years. Before each biography is a portrait of the subject. Very useful as a reference book.

IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME, by Konrad Bercovici. \$2.75. *Prentice-Hall*. A chatty, uninhibited, name-studded autobiography by one of our most industrious journalists and fictioneers. After thirty years of it, he attests: "I have published thirty-five volumes and more than five hundred stories. There isn't a word that I have written that I regret." This modest note prevails throughout, but the record is rewarding notwithstanding.

THE WORLD'S IRON AGE, by William Henry Chamberlin. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The first World War marked the end of the Liberal Age and the second may be confirmation of "the collapse of a civilization." This is the theme of Mr. Chamberlin's book. But even if one disagrees with its pessimism, the volume remains exceedingly stimulating. An intelligent and deeply informed summary of world history since the turn of the century.

DEMOCRACY AND MILITARY POWER, by Silas Bent McKinley. \$3.00. *Vanguard*. A new and enlarged edition of an important book first published in 1934. Mr. McKinley's general thesis is that the power of

infantry has been a very good index of the force of the democratic idea. Dr. Charles A. Beard contributes an introduction.

BLOODY GROUND, by John F. Day. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. True tales of life in the mountain counties of Kentucky, dealing with footwashings, baptisms, moonshining, marriage, death, education of children, and the general squalor and poverty. Mr. Day writes very well and his volume forms a valuable contribution to sociology.

INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA, by C. Hartley Grattan. \$3.00. *John Day*. During the past fourteen years, Mr. Grattan made three visits of various lengths to Australia, and here offers his preliminary observations upon the continent and its people. Somewhat shaky in his command of the English language, he displays a considerable industry and understanding of his subject. There are many illustrations.

REMAKING AMERICA, by Jay Franklin. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Mr. Franklin is here chiefly concerned with the achievements of the New Deal. He is critical of various details, but he adds that "history will take note of the fact that no human society accomplished so much in so short a period of time with so little compulsion upon the individual." There are many reproductions of photographs.

THIS AGE OF FABLE, by Gustav Stolper. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Dr. Stolper looks upon such concepts as capitalism, communism, and imperialism as largely fables — at least insofar as they express themselves in contemporary life — and to prove his thesis, he has accumulated a vast amount of information, most of it common knowledge. Good Sunday editorial feature stuff.

THE DOCTORS MAYO, by H. B. Clape-sattle. \$3.75. *Minnesota*. A long, rambling, but always pleasantly written account of the Mayo brothers, who established the celebrated medical clinic in Minnesota.

THE OPEN FORUM

AMERICA FIRSTER PROTESTS

SIR: It surprises me that the *MERCURY*, which I am sure seeks to be fair and statesmanlike, should have published in the January number the article by John Roy Carlson entitled "Inside the America First Committee."

My connection with the Committee was limited to the signing of a slip, subscribing to its principles and the payment of a dollar. Had I been able to afford it, I would have given many times as much. For from the men I knew on the Committee and from the two mass meetings I attended at Madison Square Garden, I am certain the Committee was one of the most genuinely patriotic movements in our history. I am proud of even my slight connection with it.

Mr. Carlson seizes on the fact that some persons with what he calls "fascist" views attended meetings. He seeks to persuade the reader that these persons molded its policy. Indeed he says, "America First, I repeat, is today the voice of American Fascism." The brief comment he makes about me is misleading if not untrue. I am satisfied that few extremists went to these two New York meetings, and I do not believe any of them affected Committee policy. It is common experience that you cannot keep all extremists out of any meeting in Madison Square Garden.

It is clear that Mr. Carlson is one of those persons who calls everybody who opposed our entry into the war, or who opposes Marxism, "a fascist." And from the context of the article, it is clear, too, that he considers them "anti-Semitic."

Since war broke December 7th (and we who opposed war gave as one of our reasons that we did not think America was prepared for war), the America First Committee, ac-

cording to the press, has announced its full support. So, I believe, has every individual connected with it — many of them have announced it publicly. The Committee itself has, I understand, disbanded. Speaking for myself, I telegraphed the President of my wholehearted support on the forenoon of December 8th, and have since offered my services to the Secretary of War, under whom I served thirteen months overseas in the last war.

We are engaged now in a war for survival. To win it will take absolute unity and an effort that even this country has never been called upon to give. For several reasons I suggest to the Carlsons and others like them that they be silent about those who in recent months opposed our entrance. The American people are in no mood to hear from them on such a subject. Those who formerly opposed war will be in the very forefront of the American war effort.

MERWIN K. HART

New York City.

THE END OF STALIN?

SIR: In the light of the recent news from Russia, it seems to me that it is appropriate for you to write something explaining your article of last August entitled "The End of Joseph Stalin."

WILLIAM J. WILKINSON

*Waterville,
Maine.*

(The thesis of that article was that the failure of Stalin's gigantic appeasement of Nazi Germany proved him a blunderer. From the war, I argued, the Soviet dictator "may emerge with a semblance of independent authority" or he may not, but "the Stalin of the Soviet myth — strong, shrewd, master-

ful, deeply Machiavellian —" was ended. Having traced the futility and basic stupidity of the Kremlin's foreign policies, I concluded: "Whether he remains ostensibly a ruler or not, it is the end of Stalin as the world has known him in the past."

The heroic resistance of the Russian people gives me no cause for altering this judgment of their despotic régime, personified by Stalin. As the article on "The Purification of Stalin" in the January issue put it: "The Russians died *en masse* in defense of their land against Napoleon's armies, against the British in the Crimean war, against the Japanese in the first decade of this century, against the Germans in the second decade. They did this, moreover, under a ferocious absolutist monarchy which they hated, as demonstrated by social upheavals and revolutions after each of these wars." I am convinced that the Soviet totalitarian state will not survive this war, whatever the outcome, and therefore continue to believe that the Russo-German conflict ultimately must spell the end of the Soviet dictator.

E. L.

ABOUT ALIENS

SIR: I am an "old American" of several generations' background, but I am well acquainted with the Polish American group, and for this reason my opinion may be of some value. My Polish American friends are certainly just as genuinely American as I am, but their Americanism quite naturally has a different background from mine, and I see no reason to consider my own superior.

It is my opinion that it is not good for people, either personally or as groups, to be of "no extraction." We know how disturbing it is for a well-adjusted child to discover that his parents are not blood relations but have adopted him. It may not be reasonable, but it is a fact that human beings crave backgrounds.

I grant that those who are extremely ashamed of or sensitive about their backgrounds are neurotic and perhaps not average, but is that any reason for not attempting to

aid them to an adjustment? Neurotic feelings are not cured by trying to forget them, but by bringing their causes out to view and accepting them. This is what encouraging an interest in the "cultural heritages" of the various groups which make up the American people attempts, and I know from first-hand testimony that it is often successful.

MONA A. JOHNSON

*Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I for one can't understand why a magazine which has the word American in its title should be standing up for aliens, unless you are a lot of foreigners yourselves. It is about time that we true Americans developed some real pride of race and nation. After all, no matter how many fancy words you use, there IS a great difference between old-time Americans and the latest mobs from the swamps of Slavic and Latin lands overseas.

I admit it's no fault of the newcomers, but that doesn't wipe out the difference. Neither is it any fault of a lower animal that God made it that way, yet it is not put into the same class with a lion. Those who refuse to see the differences in race and class and culture — because it hurts their sense of justice or something — are simply refusing to recognize the variety that the good Lord put into this world of His.

The older generations of Americans may have been as uncouth as a lot of Poles or Sicilians when they arrived. But they found a virgin land and proceeded to conquer it. They were shaped by their work, their fight with nature. Their children and children's children had roots in the American ground. The new crowd has come to a flourishing country, has had to take the leavings economically speaking, and has developed in many cases into slum elements and the lowest form of labor. All of which is too bad — but a fact.

There IS a difference. Neither Mr. Moley nor Mr. Stolberg can conceal that.

L. G. MCG.

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

WANTED: A PRESS AGENT

SIR: The question "Are Northern Editors more naïve than hillbillies?" begs the question. The real question is, when in the name of adult sanity will literate people in the South cease to imagine there is such a thing as a "Northern" editor. This is not a trivial matter, it forms a pivotal issue down South. It is not the hillbillies who are naïve, it is the cultured people who have not yet lost the Freudian complexes induced by the Civil War. (The fatuity of calling it some other name is a case in point.) What I refer to is the fact that the term "damyankee" exists not only in the streets, but in the halls of Southern universities, where graduate students have been guilty of calling fellow students from the North by that name.

This primitive attitude colors Elizabeth Burrow's letter, which is supposed to be upon another topic entirely. It simply indicates how isolated the South has kept itself from the general cultural life of an active and progressive nation. The issue of birth control, and its corollary, abortion, is a public question. There is divided opinion on it. Certainly no hillbillies, either North or South, are qualified to decide such an issue. But then the very assertion she makes concerning "the old law that greed and self-indulgence won't make a civilization" belongs to the realm of complex, moot, disputable questions, a problem of trained anthropologists, and not for regional cave dwellers. As for the moral mistakes of France she mentions, it seems she has fallen for the propaganda of Pétain, who at this distance seems to be the only moral mistake of France. What America needs is a press agent down in that Southern territory.

I. J. ALEXANDER

*Brooklyn,
New York.*

THE PEG-LEG RAILROAD

SIR: I was surprised and amazed to read the comprehensive article about the infamous Ben Hogan. The names Ben Hogan and "Pig Island" were inseparable, and the effect of the connection must have long endured

after Ben Hogan left the locality of Bradford, Pa. This is the first time I recall the mention of the name Tarport. As a small boy, with my father, I rode on the "Peg-Leg" railroad, which started at Tarport and ended at Babcock's Mills, from which point its extension was contemplated. At a later date, I was present, with my father, in the crowd which waved excitedly to a departing train of passengers, comprising the excursion to celebrate the addition of a new locomotive. That evening, on our way back home to New York State, we heard the terrible news about the explosion of the new locomotive, killing seven passengers and injuring many others. From that sad day, the "Peg-Leg" railroad became neglected and sank to utter ruin. A single rail was mounted on an A-shaped wooden trestlework and the locomotive and coaches straddled the trestlework, with sidetraps of flat-iron, to ease the rough bumps, which were tolerantly excused by the hardy men of the oil country.

E. H. McCLURE

*Detroit,
Michigan.*

CIVIC PRIDE DEPT.

SIR: In your special release of the December issue, which was forwarded to California newspapers, there appeared on page 696 on the top line the following: "To Joe Shinoda, whose Oakland greenhouse is California's second largest. . . ."

For your information, Shinoda's greenhouse is NOT in Oakland, but is located in San Lorenzo, Alameda County, California. Incidentally, San Lorenzo has long been known as the Garden Spot of California, and aside from the Shinoda greenhouse, there are many large greenhouses, many of which are operated by people of Italian descent and German descent, and also one nurseryman was born in Ireland, so please correct the record and give San Lorenzo due credit.

N. W. ARMSTRONG

*(Executive Secretary,
Alameda County Development Commission.)
Oakland,
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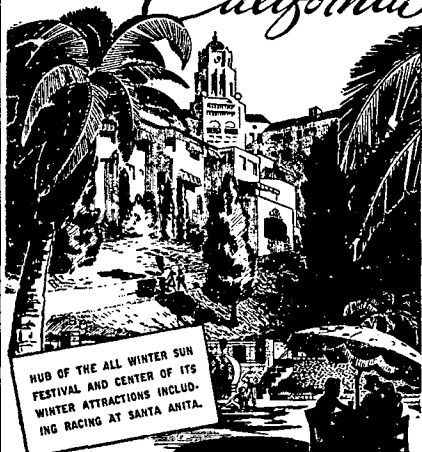


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